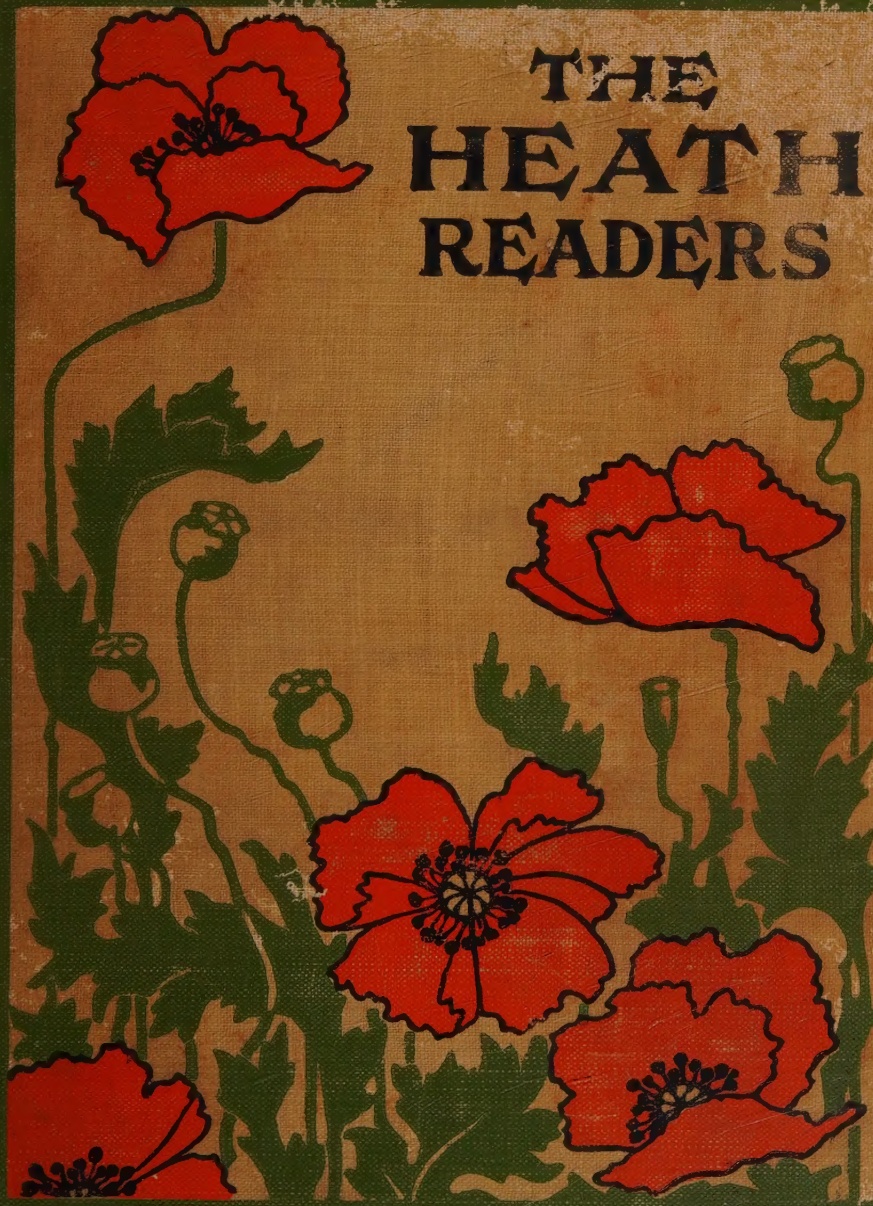
THE HEATH READERS



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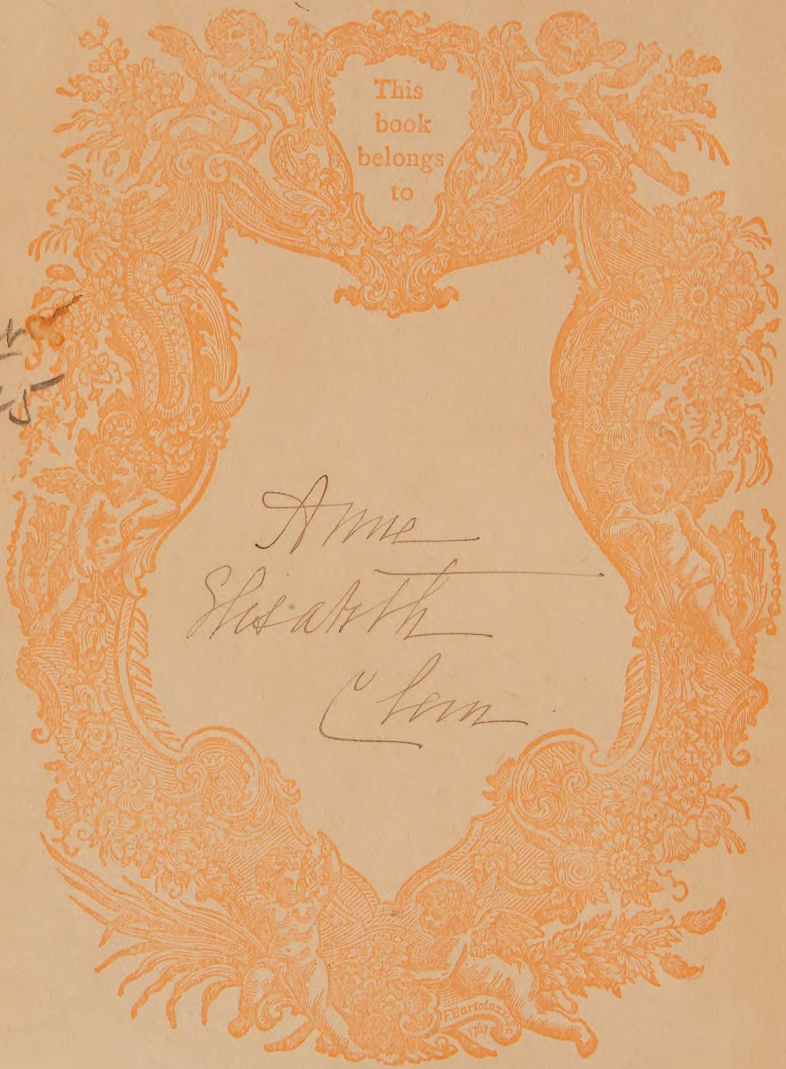
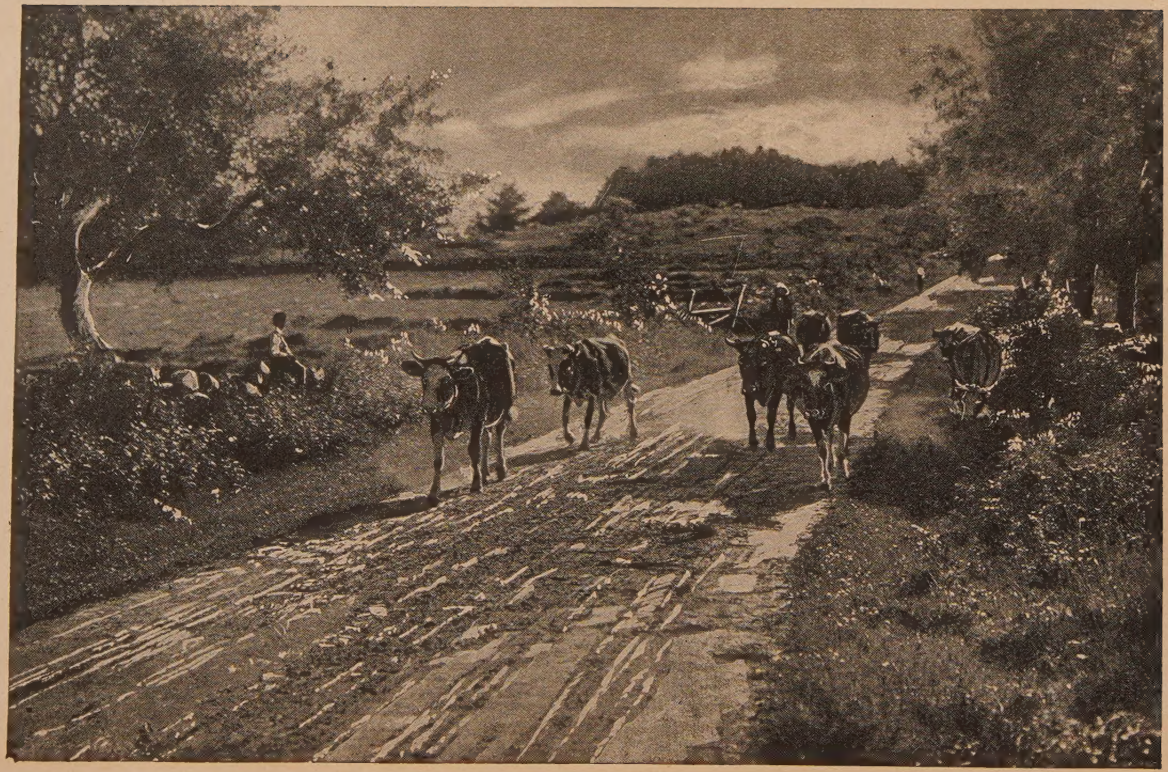

This
book
belongs
to
Anne
Elizabeth
Clem
F.Bartolozzi

That is a good
Book
which is opened
with expectation
and
closed with profit

A. Bronson Alcott

THE HEATH READERS

FOURTH READER



"THE DUSTY ROAD"

See page 170

THE HEATH READERS

FOURTH READER

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THE

HEATH READERS

COMPRISE

A PRIMER
FIRST READER
SECOND READER
THIRD READER
FOURTH READER
FIFTH READER
SIXTH READER

1E4

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PREFACE

THIS book is intended for pupils who have completed the work of the third reader grade. Such pupils, presumably, have mastered the greater part of the mechanical difficulties connected with reading, have acquired a taste for good literature, and are able to read simple selections with good expression. It is the purpose of this reader to continue, through the use of appropriate material, the training given in the earlier grades, and to further the development of the growing powers of the pupil.

At the age when the Fourth Reader is appropriately used, the imagination of the child is at its height, and his fondness for stories of action and adventure is as great as it ever will be. For this reason, prominence has been given in the earlier part of the book to selections that appeal to the interests that are strongest among those who will read the selections for purposes of profit and instruction. At the same time, care has been taken to develop a taste for good literature and an appreciation of the beauties of form and expression.

There are two principles of grading which should determine the order and development of a reading book. The first is based upon the difficulties of vocabulary and sentence structure. The second has to do with the difficulties of the subject matter itself and with the maturity of mind requisite for its appreciation. In grading the

present book both of these principles have been heeded at every step.

There has been provided to accompany each of the selections, a list of the new words, with definitions, synonyms, and such other aids to language study, as well as to literary appreciation, as can profitably be used in school.

As in the earlier books in the Heath Series of Readers, prominence has been given to selections that afford opportunity for training in natural and appropriate vocal expression. Good oral reading need not be one of the lost arts, though it requires careful training and much practice.

The Fourth Reader, like the lower books in this series, represents the best thought and skill of a goodly number of persons notable for their success as writers of books for children, their skill as teachers of reading, or their experience in directing those who teach. All of these have worked together upon a well formed plan that insures unity and definiteness, as well as breadth and flexibility.

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FOURTH READER.

THE THISTLE.

KATE LOUISE BROWN.

It was a beautiful day late in August. The leaves on the maples were beginning to redden. Cardinal flowers stood up brave and ruddy beside the stream. In the dry grass each little brown, green, or gray-clad brother of the stubble did his part in the late summer chorus.

Alice lay upon the ground, gazing dreamily at the sky. She had come out by herself to look for milk-weed pods. Her basket, nearly full, lay by her side. She was rather tired and a bit sober. Soon she drew a long sigh.

"Look out!" said a sharp voice, "you nearly blew me out of this thistle. You mortals are as bad as the wind."

Alice looked about, but saw no one save a great burly bee, grumbling among the purple thistle threads.

"Yes, I spoke," said the bee.

"I didn't know bees could talk," replied Alice, in great wonder.

"That proves how little you know in spite of your size," said the bee, saucily.

"I'm sure I am very glad to find it out," replied the child, humbly. "I have been learning something new every day."

"Now, *I* don't have to," remarked the bee. "I know it all to begin with."

"I would rather find things out. Surprises are such fun," said Alice.

"That's the way you look at it," said the bee, loftily. "But then you can't help it, being only a girl. Can you make honey?"

"No, but I can eat it."

"Do you have baskets in your hind legs? Can you pack them full with pollen?"

"Now see here, Sir Bee," said another voice, "I shall not allow you to treat my visitor so rudely. You are nearly drunk with the nectar you have taken from me. Off with you!"

"You're the stiffest old lady I ever saw, Madam Thistle. I shall not trouble you again."

"Oh, yes, you will! We thistles are the refuge of you great fellows after all else has failed. Go away, I tell you!"

"I'm going. Good-by, little girl. Good-by!"

"Can you talk, also?" cried Alice, looking up at the great thistle stalk bending over her.

"Everything in nature talks, but only a few mortals have the ears to hear," replied the thistle.

"But I understand you perfectly," said Alice, in great wonder.

"That is because you love us," said the thistle. "I knew it the minute you came here. You said, 'Oh, what a splendid thistle! I never saw such a big one.' Now a great many people would have added, 'What horrid spines!'"

"I can't say I like your spines," said Alice, honestly. "I suppose you have good reason for growing them."

"Of course I have! If you knew my life, and all I have to contend with, you would not wonder."

"I should like very much to know. Whatever you have had to try you, you have come out ahead. I never saw so tall a thistle! Why, you are nearly three feet high."

"That's so," said the thistle, "and my spines are very strong."

"Why do you have them?"

"Well," replied the thistle, "I have a great objection to being eaten up. The cows graze in this pasture, and if I did not arm myself with these spines they would have me! But I do not wish to live through the season for myself alone. I have some little seed children to send out into the world.

Every mother desires life for the sake of her children."

"Why, of course," said Alice; "it is perfectly right to grow spines for protection. The roses do, and a good many other plants. You have a very pretty cluster of leaves close to the ground. They spread out like a green rosette. Some of them are nearly a foot long. I have seen these rosettes in the field without any stalk and blossoms. I have stepped on them when I was barefoot."

"I'm sorry, Alice, but we thistles must live. We have to be fighters. How do you like my leaves?"

"They are very curious. I see they are put on alternately, and grow shorter as they near the top."

"Do you notice what stout midribs they have? That is because my leaf is so long. I like to stand my leaves out, and not let them droop. Everything in a thistle means pluck, endurance, firmness. We are the true warriors of the field."

"Your leaf reminds me a little of the dandelion's. It is cut in gashes, then it runs out in a set of points. The centre is the longest. Each point ends with a spine."

"If you look on the under side of the leaf, Alice, you will see that the spine is the midrib of the leaflet. It grows hard as it runs toward the end. It says to itself: 'I have two things to do. I must

support my leaflet and make it stand out like a banner. I must also have a sharp little sword to protect my leaf.' "

" Your stalk is covered with little hairs, I see."

" Yes; I don't intend that any bugs shall come crawling up *me.* But my blossom, Alice, — that is my crown of joy."

" I don't wonder, Madam Thistle. It looks like a green jar swelling out at the sides and tapering toward the top. Mother has a vase shaped just like it. Your vase is crowded full with clusters of lovely purple threads. They are like silken fringes."

" If you will look into this vase, you will see a bunch of shorter threads in the centre. They are very white and silky. Pull out one of the purple

threads and you will find a bunch of silky hairs clinging to it. By and by purple threads will push up through the white bunch in the centre. My blossom will be beautiful then. It will be richer than a king's royal robe. It will be a perfect storehouse of sweets, and the bees will have a feast.

"By and by my bright crown will fade and grow brown and dry. The winds of autumn will beat upon me. I shall spread my vase open wide, and out will fly a host of little winged creatures. Here is one now, Alice. I send it to you from this faded blossom of mine."

Something tickled Alice's cheek, and she opened her eyes. She put up her hand and caught the visitor that Madam Thistle had sent to her. It was a little, hard, flat seed case of light yellowish brown. A withered thistle thread hung to it, and on either side were tufts of white silk.

"I suppose I've been asleep," said Alice. "At any rate Madam Thistle has been talking to me."

stub'ble, short, dry grass.
bur'ly, rude; rough.
mor'tals, human beings.
sau'ci ly, rudely.
con tend', to strive; to try earnestly.
ob jec'tion, a reason or feeling against a thing.
en dur'ance, ability to hold out.
pro tec'tion, something which keeps one from harm.
ro sette', an object arranged like the petals of a full-blown rose.
al'ter nate ly, singly and at different heights on opposite sides of stem.
host, a great many.

KATE LOUISE BROWN is an American writer of stories and poems for children.

THE SNAIL.

WILLIAM COWPER.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house, with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
(He and his house are so combined,)
If, finding it, he fails to find
Its master.

im'mi nent, close at hand.
her'mit, one who lives apart from others.
be tide', to happen.
chat'tels, wealth ; movable property.
ban'quet, feast.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800) is one of the most popular of the English poets who wrote in the eighteenth century.

THE THREE GIANTS.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

I.

IT was a dull day; nothing but rain, rain, rain. The old rooster walked slowly about the yard. His head was damp, his tail was wet, and he looked very unhappy. He made one faint attempt to crow, but stopped in the middle of it.

The boys laughed to hear him, and Frank tried to draw his picture on a slate, but soon rubbed it out again. He tried next to draw the cat, asleep in an arm-chair. That pleased him no better. The fact was, Frank wanted to be out of doors.

"Oh, dear!" he said at last, "I wish there were some giants living now. I should like to see one

of them carry this house on his shoulders, and place it where the sun shines."

"What makes you talk so?" said Harry. "You know very well there never was such a thing as a real giant. All such stories are made up. For my part, I like to read about real things."

"I said I wished there were real giants," replied Frank; "and I do wish it. I saw a man they called a giant once; but he was only a tall fellow, with big bones. He could do nothing but stand up to be looked at. I should like one of those old giants that could do such wonderful things."

Their mother, who was sitting near, heard the boys talking, and said: "What if I should tell you that there are real giants now, who do quite as wonderful things as any you ever read of?"

"I should like to *see* some of their doings," said Harry; "but I think Mother means some kind of riddle."

His mother smiled and said: "I will tell you about three giants who are as old as the hills, and are very strong.

"The first one is very wilful. If people want him to do anything, sometimes he will and sometimes he won't. He snaps off trees, or pulls them up by the roots. Sometimes he runs over the sea

in a hurry, and piles up the waves into huge heaps, like mountains.

"He upsets boats full of men in his fury, and dashes great ships to pieces against the rocks. But when he likes to be quiet, he plays with the flowers, and they are so pleased with his whistling that they dance for joy. This strong giant is so obliging sometimes that he makes large, beautiful soap-bubbles, and blows them about to amuse little children.

"If you want him to do anything useful, he is seldom ready. At times he will remain drowsy for several days, and refuse to do anything, either for work or fun. Then, perhaps, he will begin in a great hurry to do the work you want. In a few minutes he will grind stacks of corn to powder, and will do scores of other things of which I have not time to tell you now."

"What does the giant look like?" inquired Frank.

"It is very hard to say what he is like. I often hear him singing and whistling, and sometimes in the garden he snatches the bonnet from my head, and is off before I can catch a glimpse of him."

"Has he a name, Mother?" asked Frank.

"I don't know what he calls himself," replied his mother; "but on account of his wild ways, I call him Harry Whirligig."

II.

"What is the second giant like?" asked the boys.

"Well," said the mother, "he is more quiet than his brother, but just as powerful. It is wonderful what a great weight he can carry, without minding it any more than you would the lifting of a feather. He carries tons and tons of grain, and coal, and marble, and iron, thousands of miles without stopping, yet you never see the slightest scar on his back.

"He is a very good giant, and he is constantly giving food to men and animals. He has numbers of jewels, and I have seen where he has thrown them by handfuls on cobwebs or on the grass. Sometimes he hangs them in the air, and when the sun shines on them there is a beautiful show of colors.

"He is not lazy like his brother, as he saws boards and grinds corn, week after week, and never runs away and leaves his work like Harry Whirligig. When he is alone he is quiet enough; but when he and Harry get together, they make mad work. If they are in sport, they behave like wild creatures; but if they fight, then, indeed, it becomes awful. They will snap the strongest oak timbers as if they were pipe stems, and catch up huge masses of iron and smash them against the rocks.

"But if left alone, the giant is so good-natured that children can learn to manage him. But children ought to be very sure they know how to manage him before they trust him too much; for he is a hungry giant, and has eaten up many boys and girls, and men and animals."

"What is the name of this giant?" inquired Frank.

His mother replied: "On account of his taste for fine dresses, I think I will call him Dick Silverline. He took it into his head to marry a very sharp-tempered fairy, with whom he was always fighting. She was always put out if he touched her, and if she came near him, he began to swell with rage, and to spit at her, as a cat does when she sees a dog.

"She is a very hungry fairy, and will eat almost everything she comes near. She often does more harm than good because of this. But when she is well guarded, she can be very useful."

III.

"Silverline and his wife had one son, who proved to be a more powerful giant than his father. But he was a lazy fellow when he was a boy. He never told anybody how strong he was; for he liked play, and did not wish to be set to work.

THE THREE GIANTS

"At last a man, who saw him lift the cover from a kettle with his little finger, said to himself: 'It is a shame for that strong fellow to go idling about as he does. If he can do so much with one of his little fingers, he can, most likely, do more heavy work than ten yoke of oxen, if I can only get him into harness.'

"But the giant didn't like to be shut up; and when they caged him to see how much he could do, he would get into a violent rage, and burst open the strongest door they could make. At last they managed to get this artful giant to work in good earnest. It is wonderful to see what work he does.

"He pulls large ships through the sea, and on land drags after him great loads of iron and stone. He carries thousands of people long distances in a few hours. He is in such furious haste, that if any one gets in his way, he rushes over them. If anything goes wrong with him, he is more dangerous than his father or mother.

"He is not at all quiet like his father. He goes tearing along like a mad thing; keeps up a great roaring and hissing, and is even more noisy than his uncle Whirligig. Dogs and birds cannot ride on his back. They all rush out of his way when they hear him coming. It is very dangerous for children to go near him; for if they come in his way, he

knocks them down quickly, and never stops to see whether they are picked up.

"And yet — would you believe it? — this great giant will never stir a single step unless his father and mother are with him, so that when men need his services, they have to take them both along with him. On account of his flurry and bluster, I call him Tom Fizzaway."

"I know him! I know him!" exclaimed Frank. "I know all these giants you have been talking about."

"Well, tell me whether they are not real giants?" said his mother.

"To be sure they are. Real, great, strong giants, stronger than a thousand such as Jack climbed the bean-stalk to kill."

sel'dom, not often.
drow'sy, sleepy; dull.
score, twenty.
pow'er ful, strong.
sharp-tem'pered, cross.
slight'est, least; smallest.
vi' o lent, fierce; severe.
art'ful, skilful; tricky.
flur'ry, bustle; haste.
blus'ter, noise.

Mrs. LYDIA MARIA CHILD (1802-1880) was an American writer whose work was very popular at the middle of the nineteenth century.

Every one has a place to fill in the world, and is important in some way, whether he chooses to be so or not. — HAWTHORNE.

SEPTEMBER.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

THE golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;

And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With golden butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson was born in Massachusetts in 1831, and died in California in 1885. She wrote stories for children, and many beautiful poems. She was deeply interested in the Indians, and wrote a novel, "Ramona," in their behalf. As an author she signed herself "H. H."

THE BUCKWHEAT.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

When you pass a field of buckwheat after a thunderstorm, you can often see that it looks black and scorched. The farmers say, "The lightning has scorched it," but one might ask why should the lightning do it? I will tell you what a sparrow told me, and he heard it from an old willow tree, which stood close by a field of buckwheat.

In all the surrounding fields there grew fine crops of wheat, barley, and oats. The wheat field was the most flourishing, and the heavier it was with golden grain, the lower it bent down in humility and meekness. But the buckwheat did not bend like the rest of the grain, but stood up proudly and stiffly.

"I am quite as rich as the best of them," it said, "and much more beautiful, for my flower is as lovely as the rosy apple blossoms. Do you know anything so beautiful and stately as I am, you sleepy old willow?"

The willow nodded its head, as much as to say, "Oh, yes, indeed I do." But the buckwheat only became more boastful, and said proudly, "That stupid tree is so old that grass and weeds are growing all over its body."

A dreadful storm was coming on, and all the little flowers in the fields folded up their tender leaves, or meekly bowed down their faces to the ground. But the buckwheat held its head higher than before.

"Bend your head down as we do," the kind flowers whispered.

"I don't see why I should," the buckwheat replied.

"Bend down your head as we do," cried the wheat, and the barley, and the oats; "for the angel of the storm is coming. He has wings that reach from the clouds down to the lowest depths of the valleys, and he will destroy you before you have time to cry for mercy."

"Let him," said the buckwheat; "I will not humble myself."

"Shut up your flowers and draw in your leaves," the old willow tree said. "Don't look up at the lightning when the cloud bursts. Even men are afraid to do that. If they did look, they would become blind, and what, then, would happen to us who are far more feeble?"

"More feeble, you say?" cried the buckwheat, with scorn. "Now, whatever happens, I will look right into heaven." And in its pride it did so. It seemed as if all the world were on fire, so vivid was the lightning.

When the storm had passed away, the flowers and corn lifted up their heads, refreshed by the rain. But the buckwheat was so scorched by the lightning that it was as black as a coal, and was like a dead weed, fit only to be rooted up and burned.

The old willow tree waved its branches in the wind, and great drops of water fell from its leaves as if it were crying. So the sparrows said: "Why are you crying? It is very beautiful here. How brightly the sun shines, and how briskly the clouds sail along!"

The willow then told them all about the pride of the buckwheat, and the punishment which it had received. I, who now tell you this story, heard it from the sparrows, who told it to me one evening when I asked them for a tale.

scorched, burned on the outside.
sur round'ing, lying on all sides.
flour'ish ing, thriving.
hu mil'i ty, lowliness of mind; meekness.
state'ly, grand; graceful and tall.
viv'id, very bright.
re freshed', made fresh again.
brisk'ly, quickly; gayly.

Hans Christian Andersen was born in Denmark in 1805 and died in 1875. He was the son of a poor shoemaker, and his childhood was full of hardships. He was timid and awkward, and in "The Ugly Duckling" gives the story of his sufferings as a boy. His wonderful ability was soon discovered, and he was given an education at the expense of the state, and the king of Denmark gave him money. His fairy tales and stories have been translated into many languages and have given delight to thousands.

"SO-SO."

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

I.

"BE sure, my child," said the widow to her little daughter, "that you always do just as you are told."

"Very well, Mother."

"Or at any rate do what will do just as well," said the small house-dog, as he lay blinking at the fire.

"You darling!" cried little Joan, and she sat down on the hearth and hugged him. But he got up and shook himself, and moved three turns nearer the oven, to be out of the way. For though her arms were soft, she had kept her doll in them, and it was made of wood, which hurts.

"What a dear, kind house-dog you are!" said little Joan, and she meant what she said, for it does feel nice to have the sharp edges of one's duty a little softened off for one.

He was no particular kind of a dog, but he was very smooth to stroke, and had a nice way of blinking with his eyes, which it was soothing to see. There had been a difficulty about his name. The name of the house-dog before him was Faithful, and well it became him, as his tombstone testified. The one before that was called Wolf. He was very

wild, and ended his days on the gallows, for worrying sheep.

The little house-dog never chased anything — to the widow's knowledge. There was no reason whatever for giving him a bad name, and she thought of some good ones, such as Faithful, and Trusty, and Keeper, which are fine old-fashioned titles, but none of these seemed to suit him perfectly. So he was called So-so; and a very nice soft name it is.

The widow was only a poor woman, though she contrived by her industry to keep a decent home together, and to get now one and now another little comfort for herself and her child.

One day she called her little daughter and said to her: "I am going out for two hours. You are too young to protect yourself and the house, and So-so is not as strong as Faithful was. But when I go, shut the house-door and bolt the big wooden bar, and be sure that you do not open it for any reason whatever till I return.

"If strangers come, So-so may bark, for he can do that as well as a larger dog. Then they will go away. With this summer's savings I have bought a quilted petticoat for you and a duffle cloak for myself against the winter, and if I get the work I am going after to-day, I shall buy enough wool to knit warm stockings for us both. So be patient till I return, and

then we will have the plum-cake that is in the cupboard for tea."

"Thank you, Mother."

"Good-by, my child. Be sure you do just as I have told you," said the widow.

"Very well, Mother."

Little Joan laid down her doll, and shut the door, and fastened the big bolt. It was very heavy, and the kitchen looked gloomy when she had done it.

"I wish Mother had taken us all three with her, and had locked the house and put the key in her big pocket, as she has done before," said little Joan, as she got into the rocking-chair, to put her doll to sleep.

"Yes, it would have done just as well," So-so replied, as he stretched himself on the hearth.

By and by Joan grew tired of singing to the doll, who looked none the sleepier for it, and she took the three-legged stool and sat down in front of the clock to watch the hands. After a while she drew a deep sigh.

"There are *sixty* seconds in every single minute, So-so," said she.

"So I have heard," said So-so. He was snuffing in the cupboard, which was not usually allowed.

"And *sixty* whole minutes in every hour, So-so."

"You don't say so!" growled So-so. He had

not found a bit, and the cake was on the top shelf. There was not so much as a spilt crumb, though he snuffed in every corner of the kitchen, till he stood snuffing under the house-door.

"The air smells fresh," he said.

"It's a beautiful day, I know," said little Joan. "I wish Mother had allowed us to sit on the doorstep. We could have taken care of the house — "

"Just as well," said So-so.

Little Joan came to smell the air at the key-hole, and, as So-so had said, it smelt very fresh. Besides, one could see from the window how fine the afternoon was.

"It's not exactly what Mother told us to do," said Joan, "but I do believe — "

"It would do just as well," said So-so.

II.

By and by little Joan unfastened the bar, and opened the door, and she and the doll and So-so went out and sat on the doorstep. Not a stranger was to be seen. The sun shone delightfully. All day it had been ripening the corn in the field close by, and this glowed and waved in the breeze.

"It does just as well, and better," said little Joan, "for if any one comes, we can see him coming up the field path."

JOAN AND SO-SO

"Just so," said So-so, blinking in the sunshine.

Suddenly Joan jumped up.

"Oh!" cried she, "there's a bird, a big bird. Dear So-so, can you see him? I can't, because of the sun. What a queer noise he makes. Crake! crake! Oh, I can see him now! He is not flying, he is running, and he has gone into the corn. I do wish I were in the corn, I would catch him, and put him in a cage."

"I'll catch him," said So-so, and he put up his tail, and started off.

"No, no!" cried Joan. "You are not to go. You must stay and take care of the house, and bark if any one comes."

"You could scream, and that would do just as well," replied So-so, with his tail still up.

"No, it wouldn't," cried little Joan.

"Yes, it would," said So-so again.

While they were bickering, an old woman came up to the door. She had a brown face, and black hair, and a very old red cloak.

"Good evening, my little dear," said she. "Are you all at home this fine evening?"

"Only three of us," said Joan; "I, and my doll, and So-so. Mother has gone to the town, and we are taking care of the house, but So-so wants to go after the bird we saw run into the corn."

"Was it a pretty bird, my little dear?" asked the old woman.

"It was a very curious one," said Joan, "and I should like to go after it myself, but we can't leave the house."

"Dear, dear! Is there no neighbor who would sit on the doorstep for you and keep the house till you just slip down to the field after the curious bird?" said the old woman.

"I'm afraid not," said little Joan. "Old Martha, our neighbor, is now bedridden. Of course, if she had been able to mind the house instead of us, it would have done just as well."

"I have some distance to go this evening," said the old woman, "but I do not object to a few minutes' rest. Rather than have you lose the bird I will sit on the doorstep to oblige you, while you run down to the field."

"But can you bark if any one comes?" asked little Joan. "For if you can't, So-so must stay with you."

"I can call you and the dog if I see any one coming, and that will do just as well," said the old woman.

"So it will," replied little Joan, and off she ran to the field, where, for that matter, So-so had run before her, and was bounding and barking and

springing among the wheat stalks. They did not catch the bird, though they stayed longer than they had intended, and though So-so seemed to know more about hunting than was supposed.

"I dare say Mother has come home," said little Joan, as they went back up the path. "I hope she won't think we ought to have stayed in the house."

"It was taken care of," said So-so, "and that must do just as well."

When they reached the house, the widow had not come home. But the old woman had gone, and she had taken the quilted petticoat and the duffle cloak, and the plum-cake from the top shelf away with her; and no more was ever heard of any of the lot.

"For the future, my child," said the widow, "I hope you will always do just as you are told, whatever So-so may say."

"I will, Mother," said little Joan. (And she did.) But the house-dog sat and blinked. He dared not speak — he was in disgrace.

I do not feel quite sure about So-so. Wild dogs often amend their ways far on this side of the gallows, and the faithful sometimes fall; but when any one begins by being only So-so, he is very apt to be *So-so* to the end.

But this one was *very* soft and nice, and he got

no cake that teatime. On the whole, we will hope that he lived to be a good dog ever after.

par tic'u lar, single; special.
gal'lows (gal'loz), a framework upon which the condemned may be hanged.
dif'fi cul ty, trouble.
tes'ti fied, bore witness.
con trived', managed.
in'dus try, steady attention to work.
com'fort, pleasure.
duf'fle, a kind of coarse woollen cloth.
bick'er ing, disputing.
bed'rid den, kept to one's bed by sickness or age.

Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing (1841–1885) was an Englishwoman who wrote charming stories for both old and young. Her most famous books are "Jackanapes" and "The Story of a Short Life."

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"*I'll* tell you how the leaves came down,"
The great tree to his children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red."

"Ah!" begged each silly pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day
To the great tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,

Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children all, to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled.
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night," and murmurèd,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

hud'dled, crowded. | **sped**, made haste. | **urge**, to ask earnestly.

SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY, who writes under the name of "Susan Coolidge," was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1845. Her best stories and verses are those written for girls and boys.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MEADOW.

JULIA MacNAIR WRIGHT.

WHEN I was a little girl, I caught a grasshopper and put him into a bottle. Then I sat down outside the bottle, and looked at the grasshopper. He sat inside the bottle, and looked at me.

It began to grow upon my mind that the grasshopper looked much like an old man. His face, with the big, solemn eyes and straight mouth, was like an old man's face. He wore a gray coat, like a loose duster. He had a wrinkled greenish vest. He wore knee-breeches and long red stockings.

The more I looked at him, the more he looked like a little, grave, old-time man who came to visit my aged grandfather. But I thought my grasshopper in the bottle felt like a prisoner. I said, "Now you may go, my Old Man of the Meadow."

I took the cork out of the bottle. The grasshopper at once leaped up, and sat on the rim of the bottle. Then a strange thing happened. The Old Man of the Meadow spread out two wide brown wings. They had a broad, lemon-colored band on them. They were gay as the wings of a butterfly. On them he sailed away.

I could hardly believe my eyes. I ran after him to a tall stalk of golden-rod. There he sat, a plain, gray-green old man. But again he spread out the wide wings, and was gone. My Old Man of the Meadow had then this splendid dress coat under his sober overcoat. Seated at rest, he looked plain and quiet, — a creature of the earth. Lifted into the air, he was nearly as fine as a butterfly.

Do you not wish to know something more of this Old Man of the Meadow, the grasshopper? He lives much in the grass, and his chief motion is in hops, or long jumps. He has another name, "the murmurer." This is given him because of the noise or song he makes. His song is loud and shrill. It is made by rubbing his wings one upon the other.

He has a little piece of skin like a tight drum-head set in each wing. As he moves his wings, this tiny drum vibrates, or trembles, and makes the shrill sound. Mrs. Grasshopper does not have this drum in her wings.

Let us take a closer look at the grasshopper. As he is an insect, he should have a body made in rings, in three parts, with four wings and six legs set on the second, or chest part.

His front pair of legs is shorter than the others. This hinders him in walking over a level surface. But it helps him in walking up a tree, or small

plant, or a wall. See the hind legs! They are more than twice as long as the others. The thigh, or upper part, is very long and strong. By means of these big legs the grasshopper is a famous jumper.

Now, if you have a grasshopper to look at, you will see that the feet have four parts. The part of the leg between the foot and the thigh has sharp points like the teeth of a comb. The hind part of the body is long and slender, and, being made of rings, can bend easily. In the great, green grasshopper all the body is of a fine green tint.

Let us look at the wings. The upper pair, or wing-covers, are large and long. Notice two things about the wings: they lap at the tips, and are high in the middle. When they are shut, they have a shape like a slanting roof. The upper ones are longer than the lower ones.

These wing-cases have large veins. Lift up a wing-case and pull out a lower wing. It is folded very closely, in lengthwise plaits. Where these wings join Mr. Grasshopper's body, you will find his drum plate for making music. One kind of grasshopper has very short wing-covers. In that kind, both Mr. and Mrs. Grasshopper make music. There is also one grasshopper, a little green fellow, that has no drum, and is silent.

The upper side of the grasshopper's chest is shaped like a great horny collar. The head is large, and has two big, glossy eyes. There is, also, a knob on the forehead. Between the eyes are set the feelers. They are very long, even longer than all the body. The mouth of the grasshopper is wide, and it has strong jaws. But they are not so strong as those of his cousin, the cricket.

Grasshoppers prefer vegetable food. They will sometimes eat animal food. When two are shut up in a box, they will fight, and the one which is killed will be eaten by the victor.

If you could look inside the grasshopper's body, you would see that he has a gizzard much like that of a chicken. It is made of little bands set with fine teeth. These teeth chew up into a pulp the leaves which the grasshopper has eaten. After he has eaten for a long time, he sits quite still. He looks as if he were thinking. Sometimes, when he sits in this way, he moves his mouth as if chewing. From this action, people used to think that he chewed the cud, as cows and sheep do.

But he does not chew the cud. If you watch him well, in these silent times, you will see him gravely licking his long feelers and his lips. He seems to be cleaning them. To do this, he runs out a long, limber tongue, shaped much like yours.

Ants also have this habit of cleaning and dressing themselves after eating.

The color in the grasshopper does not seem to be laid on the surface of his coat, as on that of the beetle. It is not put on in plumes and scales, as the butterfly has it. But it is dyed through and through the wings and body. The wing-cases and the rings of the body are not hard, like horn or shell, as in the beetle tribe. They are of a tough skin, and are dyed with the color.

The grasshopper is not migratory. It does not change its home. It dies near where it was born. Frost and cold kill it. It does not outlive the winter, as butterflies, bees, and wasps do. Each grasshopper lives alone. He does nothing for his neighbor, and his neighbor does nothing for him.

sol'emn, grave; serious.
dust'er, a long garment or covering to protect from dust.
plaits, folds, tucks.
giz'zard, the second stomach, in which the food is ground fine.
mi'gra to ry, wandering; going from one home to another.

Mrs. Julia MacNair Wright was born in Oswego, N.Y., in 1840, and has lived for many years in Missouri. She has written on many subjects, but her most popular works are her instructive nature stories for children. The story of the grasshopper is from the "Seaside and Wayside" books.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Guido Reni

DAYBREAK.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake, it is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

mar'i ners, sailors.
chan'ti cleer, a cock; rooster.
clar'i on, a small trumpet, or its sound, or any sound like it.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Me., in 1807, and died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1882. He is one of the most popular of American poets. "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" are the best known of his longer poems. "The Village Blacksmith" (see page 96), "The Children's Hour," "Excelsior," and "The Psalm of Life" are favorites everywhere.

THE FOUR CLEVER BROTHERS.

J. AND W. GRIMM.

I.

"DEAR children," said a poor man to his four sons, "I have nothing to give you; you must go out into the world and try your luck. Begin by learning some trade, and see how you can get on."

So the four brothers took their walking-sticks in their hands, and their little bundles on their shoulders, and, after bidding their father good-by, all went out at the gate together. When they had gone some distance, they came to four cross-ways, each leading to a different country.

Then the eldest said, "Here we must part; but this day four years we will come back to this spot; and in the meantime each must try to find out what he can do for himself." So each brother went his way; and as the oldest was hastening on, a man met him, and asked him where he was going and what he wanted.

"I am going to try my luck in the world, and should like to begin by learning a trade," answered he.

"Then," said the man, "go with me, and I will teach you how to become the cunningest thief that ever was."

"No," said the other, "that is not an honest calling, and what can one hope to earn by it in the end but the gallows?"

"Oh!" said the man, "you need not fear the gallows; for I will teach you to steal only what will be fair game. I meddle with nothing that any one else can get or cares about, and I go where no one can find me out."

So the young man agreed to follow this trade, and he soon showed himself so clever that nothing could escape him that he had once set his mind upon.

The second brother also met a man, who asked him what trade he meant to learn.

"I do not know yet," said he.

"Then come with me, and be a star-gazer. It is a noble trade, for nothing can be hidden from you when you understand the stars."

The plan pleased him much, and he soon became such a skilful star-gazer, that when he had served out his time, and wanted to leave his master, his master gave him a glass, and said, "With this you can see all that is passing in the sky and on the earth, and nothing can be hidden from you."

The third brother met a huntsman, who took him and taught him so well all that belonged to hunting, that he became very clever in that trade. When his time was out, his master gave him a bow,

and said, "Whatever you shoot at with this bow, you will be sure to hit."

The youngest brother likewise met a man who asked him what he wished to do.

"Would not you like," said he, "to be a tailor?"

"Oh, no!" said the young man; "sitting cross-legged from morning to night, working backwards and forwards with a needle and goose, will never suit me."

"Oh!" answered the man, "that is not my sort of tailoring; come with me, and you will learn quite a different kind of trade from that."

Knowing nothing better to do, he entered into the plan, and learnt the trade from the beginning; and when his time was out, his master gave him a needle, and said, "You can sew anything with this, be it as soft as an egg, or as hard as steel, and the joint will be so fine that no seam will be seen."

II.

After the space of four years, at the time agreed upon, the four brothers met at the four cross-roads, and having welcomed each other, set off toward their father's home, where they told him all that had happened to them, and how each had learned some trade.

Then one day, as they were sitting before the

house under a very high tree, the father said, "I should like to see what each of you can do in his trade."

So he looked up, and said to the second son, "At the top of this tree there is a chaffinch's nest; tell me how many eggs there are in it."

The star-gazer took his glass, looked up, and said, "Five."

"Now," said the father to the eldest son, "take away the eggs, and do not let the bird that is sitting upon them and hatching them know what you are doing."

So the cunning thief climbed up the tree, and brought away to his father the five eggs from under the bird, who never saw or felt what he was doing, but kept sitting on at her ease. Then the father took the eggs, and put one on each corner of the table and the fifth in the middle, and said to the huntsman, "Cut each of the eggs into two pieces at one shot."

The huntsman took up his bow, and at one shot struck all the five eggs as his father wished.

"Now comes your turn," said he to the young tailor; "sew the eggs and the young birds in them together again, so neatly that the shot shall have done them no harm."

Then the tailor took his needle and sewed the

eggs as he was told; and when he had done, the thief was sent to take them back to the nest, and put them under the bird, without her knowing it. Then she went on sitting, and hatched them; and in a few days the young birds crawled out, and had only a little red streak across their necks where the tailor had sewed them together.

"Well done, sons!" said the old man, "you have made good use of your time, and learnt something worth the knowing; but I am sure I do not know which ought to have the prize. Oh! that the time might soon come for you to turn your skill to some account!"

Not long after this there was a great bustle in the country; for the king's daughter had been carried off by a mighty dragon, and the king mourned over his loss day and night, and made it known that whoever brought her back to him should have her for his wife. Then the four brothers said to each other, "Here is a chance for us; let us try what we can do." And they agreed to see if they could not set the princess free.

"I will find out where she is, however," said the star-gazer as he looked through his glass. Soon he cried out, "I see her afar off, sitting upon a rock in the sea, and I can spy the dragon close by, guarding her."

Then he went to the king, and asked for a ship for himself and his brothers, and went with them upon the sea till they came to the right place. There they found the princess sitting, as the star-gazer had said, on the rock, and the dragon was lying asleep with his head upon her lap.

"I dare not shoot at him," said the huntsman, "for I should kill the beautiful young lady also."

"Then I will try my skill," said the thief; and he went and stole her away from under the dragon so quickly and gently that the beast did not know it, but went on snoring.

Then away they hastened with her full of joy in their boat toward the ship; but soon the dragon came roaring through the air behind them, for he awoke and missed the princess. When he got above the boat, and wanted to pounce upon them and carry off the princess, the huntsman took up his bow, and shot him straight in the heart, so that he fell down dead.

They were still not safe; for he was such a great beast, that in his fall he overset the boat, and they had to swim in the open sea upon a few planks. Then the tailor took his needle, and with a few large stitches put some of the planks together. Sitting down upon them, he sailed about and gathered up all the pieces of the boat, and tacked them together

so quickly that the boat was soon ready. So they reached the ship and got home safe.

When they had brought home the princess to her father, there was great rejoicing; and he said to the four brothers, "One of you shall marry her, but you must settle among yourselves which it is to be."

Then there arose a quarrel among them; and the star-gazer said, "If I had not found the princess out, all your skill would have been of no use; therefore, she ought to be mine."

"Your seeing her would have been of no use," said the thief, "if I had not taken her away from the dragon; therefore, she ought to be mine."

"No, she is mine," said the huntsman; "for if I had not killed the dragon, he would after all have torn you and the princess into pieces."

"And if I had not sewed the boat together again," said the tailor, "you would all have been drowned; therefore, she is mine."

Then the king put in a word, and said, "Each of you is right; and as all cannot have the princess, the best way is for none of you to have her; and to make up for the loss, I will give each, as a reward for his skill, half a kingdom."

So the brothers agreed that this would be much better than quarrelling; and the king then gave each half a kingdom, as he had promised. They

lived very happily the rest of their days, and took good care of their father.

cun'ning est, most skilful.
call'ing, trade.
clev'er, skilful.
star'-gaz er, one who studies the stars.
goose, a tailor's smoothing-iron.
chaf'finch, a sweet-singing bird of Europe.
drag'on, a fabled animal, like a huge serpent with wings.
pounce, to fall upon suddenly and seize.

Jacob Ludwig Karl Grimm (1785–1863) and Wilhelm Karl Grimm (1786–1859) were famous German scholars. Besides writing many learned books, these two brothers worked sixteen years collecting the stories that the German peasants liked to tell to their children. In English this collection of folklore is commonly known as Grimm's "Tales." They have been translated into nearly all the modern languages, and have given delight to old and young.

SONG.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

REYNARD THE FOX.

I.

It was Whitsuntide; and the Lion, the King of the beasts, summoned a great meeting of all his subjects. The beasts and birds came trooping into court from every side: Bruin the bear, and Is'egrim the wolf, and Hint'ze the wild-cat, and Lam'pe the hare, and Grimbart the badger, and crowds of others. But one was absent; and it was Reynard the fox.

King Lion sat in his council to give justice, and all the birds and beasts that had any complaints to make were carefully listened to, and justice was done them. But this Whitsuntide there were more complaints than usual; and they were all about the wickedness of Reynard the fox.

The first that came forward was Isegrim the wolf. "Indeed, your Majesty," he began, "there is no putting up with Reynard any longer. Only the other day he came to my house when I was out, and was very rude to my wife, and flapped dust with his tail into my children's eyes, and three of them have gone quite blind, poor little things."

"Yes," said the panther, "and did you hear how he treated poor old Lampe the hare? Reynard pre-

tended he had turned good, and offered to teach Lampe how to say his prayers. I was just passing, and there they sat by the roadside, looking as pious as anything. Then Reynard jumped up all of a

sudden, and seized the poor frightened thing by the scruff of his neck, and worried him."

"Yes," said a dog, "and he stole the sausage that I was going to have for dinner. I hid it away behind a bush, and Reynard found it, and ate it."

"Oh! *you* needn't talk," said Hintze the cat. "Please your Majesty, it was *my* sausage, and he stole it from me first. I went into the miller's house one night while they were all asleep, and saw the sausages doing nothing on a shelf. Your Majesty, I took only *one*, and it was such a little one."

"That's all very fine," said Grimbart the badger, who was Reynard's nephew, "you talk because you know Reynard isn't here to listen. No one, your Majesty, ought to be condemned unheard. I happen to know something about Reynard, and how mean Isegrim the wolf has been toward him. Now, would you believe it, Reynard and Isegrim once went into partnership, and Isegrim was mean and selfish enough to let Reynard do all the work and face all the danger, while *he* got all the profit."

"I suppose it's six of one and half-a-dozen of the other," said the King. "What have you to say in Reynard's favor?"

"Well, your Majesty, one day Isegrim and Reynard went out together, and they got very hungry. Presently a man came along with a cart full of fish. Isegrim wanted the fish very much, but he hadn't the pluck to go and take it. So Reynard went on a little way when the man wasn't looking, lay down in a deep rut, and shut his eyes and held his breath,

and made himself very stiff. When the man and the cart came up, the man said, 'Hello! here's a dead fox!' and he picked him up, and threw him into the cart on the top of the fish, because he thought he would sell Reynard's skin when he got to the town.

"But Isegrim ran behind, and every now and then Reynard kicked some fishes into the road. After a while, he thought he had kicked off enough, and, when the man wasn't looking, Reynard jumped down and ran back to Isegrim. He thought Isegrim looked very fat, and that made him hungrier than ever. 'Where's my share?' said Reynard. 'Here,' said Isegrim, and he pointed to a nice little heap of fish-bones. 'I hope you'll enjoy them. They're very nice,' and then Isegrim ran away."

"H'm!" said the King. "Anything else?"

II.

"Yes," said Grimbart; "another time Isegrim and Reynard went to a peasant's house, because they knew the man had killed a fat pig that morning. They thought they would like that pig. Reynard got in through the window, and threw the pig, which was hanging on a wooden peg, out of the window to Isegrim, peg and all. Reynard got out of another window, and jumped into the

yard, straight on the dog-kennels. All the dogs rushed out, and Reynard had to flee for his life. When he had left them far behind, and the dogs had gone home, Reynard crept back. There was no pig, and Isegrim looked ready to burst. 'Haven't you saved a bit for me?' he asked, very angrily. 'Oh, yes!' said Isegrim; and he held out the wooden peg."

"What have you to say?" said the King, looking at the wolf.

"But that isn't all," broke in Grimbart, before the wolf could reply. "Whatever sins Reynard may have committed in the past, he has repented now. In fact, he has turned hermit; he has left his great castle, and has built himself a hermit's cell. He eats only once a day, flogs himself for penance, wears a hair shirt, and has got quite lean and pale."

Just then there was a noise outside the court, and the door opened, and in walked Chanticleer and all his relations, in a long procession, all weeping. In the middle of the procession came a stretcher, and on it lay a young hen, very much torn, and with no head.

"Alas! alas! your Majesty," wept Chanticleer, "just see what Reynard has done to my poor daughter Scratchfoot! My wife and I brought up a large family this season, ten fine manly young

cocks and fourteen lovely little hens. We lived so happily, in perfect safety, in a farm-yard, with high walls all round, and six big dogs to guard us. Reynard tried many times to get in, but the dogs caught him and crumpled his skin for him.

"Then one day we heard that Reynard had turned hermit, and had vowed never to eat meat any more. The next day he came to the gate and rang the bell, and said he wished to see me, as he had a letter to deliver from the King. So he was shown into the room, and I went to see him. He was dressed just like a hermit, in hair shirt, cowl and all, and looked very proper.

"The letter was your proclamation, O King, saying that all your subjects were to go freely about, and that any one who molested them should be punished. I felt quite overjoyed, and began to show my delight to Reynard. But Reynard said he could not stay, for he had to go home and read prayers; and he took out his prayer-book then and there, and began to read it as he walked out.

"So I called my children and told them that Reynard had turned a holy hermit, and that we might all go where we pleased in perfect safety. So we all went out beyond the gates. But alas! alas! Reynard was lying hidden just round the corner, and he sprang out and killed fifteen of my children

and ate them up, feathers and all. And he bit off poor Scratchfoot's head. The dogs came only in time to rescue her body."

Then the King rose, very wrathful, both with Reynard and with his nephew Grimbart. He ordered a grand funeral for Scratchfoot, and a marble tombstone to be placed over her. Then he sent orders to Reynard to appear in court without delay. And for the messenger the King chose Bruin the bear, because he was big and strong, and warned him very seriously that Reynard would be up to tricks if he could, and that he must not let himself be taken in.

Whit'sun tide, the week beginning with Whitsunday, which is the seventh Sunday after Easter.
sum'moned, called.
coun'cil, meeting.
scruff, back of the neck.
con demned', judged to be guilty.
go into part'ner ship, to go into business together.
com mit'ted, done.
re pent', to be sorry for doing wrong.
pen'ance, punishment given to one's self.
stretch'er, a frame for carrying the sick or the dead.
wail'ing, weeping or crying loudly.
cowl, hood.
proc la ma'tion, notice; order.
mo lest'ed, troubled; annoyed.
taken in, deceived.

REYNARD THE FOX was the subject of a number of fables and tales which were common in Europe two hundred years before the discovery of America. The most popular form of this amusing story was printed in Dutch in 1479, and translated into English by William Caxton, the first English printer, and published in 1481. Certain incidents in the story are remotely similar to some of the "Uncle Remus" stories. Only a short extract is given here.

THE SINGING LESSON.

JEAN INGELOW.

A NIGHTINGALE made a mistake;
  She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
  And she hid away from the moon.

She wrung her claws, poor thing!
  But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
  And pretended to be asleep.

"Oh, Nightingale," cooed a dove —
  "Oh, Nightingale, what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
  Why behave like a goose?

"Don't skulk away from our sight,
  Like common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
  Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done,
  Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
  From such a bird as you.

"Lift up your proud little crest,
  Open your musical beak;

Other birds have to do their best —
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.

There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.

The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

night'in gale, a small bird of Europe, which sings sweetly at night.
con tempt'i ble, mean; to be despised.
di vine'ly, excellently; like a god or a goddess.
psalm, song of praise.
as cend'ed, went up.

Jean Ingelow (1830–1897) was an English writer of stories and poems. All young people should know her "Stories told to a Child," and the poem beginning with "Seven Times One."

THE MAGIC MILL.

Once upon a time there lived two brothers, one of whom was rich, and the other poor. Christmas was coming, and the poor man had nothing in the house for a Christmas dinner. So he went to his brother and asked him for a trifling gift.

The rich man was ill-natured, and when he heard his brother's request he looked very surly. But Christmas is a time when even the worst people give gifts. He took a fine ham down from the chimney, where it was hanging to smoke, threw it at his brother, and bade him begone, and never let him see his face again.

The poor man thanked his brother for the ham, put it under his arm, and went his way. He had to pass through a great forest on his way home. When he had reached the thickest part of it, he saw an old man, with a long, white beard, hewing timber. "Good evening," said he to the old man.

"Good evening," returned the old man, raising himself from his work. "That is a fine ham you are carrying." Then the poor man told him all about it.

"It is lucky for you," said the old man, "that you met me. If you will take that ham into the land

of the dwarfs, the entrance to which lies just under the roots of this tree, you can make a capital bargain with it. The dwarfs are very fond of ham, and rarely get any. But mind what I say; you must not sell it for money. Demand for it the 'old hand-mill which stands behind the door.' When you come back, I'll show you how to use it."

The poor man thanked his new friend, who showed him the door under a stone below the roots of the tree. By this door he entered the land of the dwarfs. No sooner had he set his foot in it than the dwarfs swarmed about him, attracted by the smell of the ham. They offered him old-fashioned money and gold and silver ore for it. But he refused all their offers, and said that he would sell it only for the old hand-mill behind the door. At this, the dwarfs looked quite perplexed.

"We cannot make a bargain, it seems," said the poor man, "so I'll bid you all a good day."

The smell of the ham had by this time reached the remote parts of fairy-land. The dwarfs came flocking around in troops, leaving their work of digging out precious ores, eager for the ham.

"Let him have the old mill," said some of the newcomers. "It is quite out of order, and he doesn't know how to use it. Let him have it, and we will have the ham."

So the bargain was made. The poor man took the old hand-mill, which was a little thing not half so large as the ham, and went back to the woods. Here the old man showed him how to use it. All this had taken up a great deal of time, and it was midnight before he reached home.

"Where have you been?" said his wife. "Here I have been waiting and waiting, and we have no wood to make a fire, nor anything to put into the porridge-pot for our Christmas supper."

The house was dark and cold, but the poor man bade his wife wait and see what would happen. He placed the little hand-mill on the table, and began to turn the crank. First, there came out some grand, lighted wax-candles, and a fire on the hearth, and a porridge-pot boiling over it, because in his mind he said they should come first. Then he ground out a table-cloth and dishes, and spoons, and knives and forks.

He was astonished at his good luck, as you may believe; and his wife was almost beside herself with joy. They had a capital supper; and after it was eaten they ground out of the mill everything to make their house and themselves warm and comfortable. So they had a merry Christmas!

When the people went by the house to church the next day, they could hardly believe their eyes.

There was glass in the windows instead of wooden shutters, and the poor man and his wife, dressed in nice new clothes, were seen devoutly kneeling in the church.

"There is something very strange in all this," said every one.

"Something very strange indeed," said the rich man, when three days afterward he received from his once poor brother an invitation to a grand feast.

What a feast it was! The table was covered with a cloth as white as snow, and the dishes were all of silver or gold. The rich man could not, in his great house and with all his wealth, set out such a table.

"Where did you get all these things?" exclaimed he.

His brother told him all about the bargain he had made with the dwarfs, and putting the mill on the table, ground out boots and shoes, coats and cloaks, stockings, gowns, and blankets, and bade his wife give them to the poor people, who had gathered about the house to get a sight of the grand feast that the poor brother had made for the rich one.

The rich man was very envious of his brother's good fortune, and wanted to borrow the mill, intending, for he was not an honest man, never to return it again. His brother would not lend it, for the old

man with the white beard had told him never to sell or lend it to any one.

Some years went on, and at last the possessor of the mill built himself a grand castle on a rock by the sea, facing the west. Its windows, reflecting the golden sunset, could be seen far out from the shore. It became a noted landmark for sailors. Strangers often came to see this castle and the wonderful mill, of which the strangest tales were told.

At length, a great foreign merchant came, and when he had seen the mill, inquired whether it would grind salt. Being told that it would, he wanted to buy it; for he traded in salt, and thought that, if he owned the mill, he could supply all his customers without taking long and dangerous voyages.

The man would not sell it, of course. He was so rich now that he did not want to use it for himself; but every Christmas he ground out food and clothes, and coal for the poor, and nice presents for the little children. So he rejected all the offers of the rich merchant.

The merchant, however, made up his mind to have the mill. He bribed one of the man's servants to let him go into the castle at night, and he stole the mill and sailed away with it in triumph. He

had scarcely got out to sea, before he determined to set the mill to work.

"Now, mill, grind salt," said he; "grind salt with all your might! — Salt, salt, nothing but salt!"

The mill began to grind and the sailors to fill the sacks; but these were soon full, and in spite of all that could be done, the salt began to fill the ship. The dishonest merchant was now very much frightened. What was to be done? The mill would not stop grinding. At last the ship was overloaded, and down it went, making a great whirlpool where it sank.

The ship soon went to pieces; but the mill stands on the bottom of the sea, and keeps grinding out "salt, salt, nothing but salt!" That is the reason, say the peasants of Denmark and Norway, why the sea is salt.

— FROM THE NORWEGIAN.

cap'i tal, excellent.
ore, metal in the form in which it comes from the ground.
per plexed', puzzled.
re mote', far away.
de vout'ly, in a reverent manner.
en'vi ous, jealous.
pos sess'or, owner.
re flect'ing, throwing back (light).
bribed, persuaded by means of a gift.

The better part of valor is discretion.
They that touch pitch will be defiled.
Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
To thine own self be true. — SHAKESPEARE.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

JOHN G. SAXE.

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"Why, bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
To me 'tis very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,

Thus boldly up he spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like,
Is very plain," quoth he:
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong;

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong.

In do stan', Hindostan, India.
ob ser va'tion, use of eyes, ears, fingers, etc.
squirm'ing, wriggling.
de ny', declare not to be true.
quoth, said.
won'drous, wonderful.
scope, reach.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE (1816–1887) a distinguished American humorous poet, taught many a good lesson in verse.

TIMOTHY'S SHOES.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

I.

HER fairy godmother presented Timothy's mother with a small pair of strong leather shoes, copper-tipped and heeled. "They will never wear out, my dear," she said. "Rely upon it, you will find them 'a mother's blessing.' However large a family you may have, your children will step into one another's shoes just at the age when little feet are most destructive."

I will not attempt to describe the buzz in which the visitors expressed their astonishment at the meanness of the fairy's gift. The young mother was a sensible, sweet-tempered woman, and very fond of her old godmother, so she took the shoes and thanked the old lady.

When the company had departed, the godmother still lingered, and kissed her goddaughter affectionately. "If your children inherit your good sense and good temper, my love, they will need nothing an old woman like me can give them," said she. "But my little gift is not quite so shabby as it looks. These shoes have another quality besides that of not wearing out.

"The little feet that are in them cannot very easily go wrong. When your boy is old enough, send him to school in these shoes. Should he be disposed to play truant, they will pinch and annoy him so that it is likely he will let his shoes take him the right way. They will in like manner bring him home at the proper time."

"Mrs. Godmother's broomstick at the door!" shouted the farming man who was acting as footman on this occasion.

"Well, my dear," said the old lady, "you will find out their virtues all in good time, and they will do for the whole family in turn; for I really can come to no more christenings. I am getting old — besides, our day is over. Farewell, my love." And, mounting her broomstick, the fairy finally departed.

As years went by the mother learned the full value of the little shoes. Her nine boys wore them in turn, but they never wore them out. So long as

the fairy shoes were on their feet, they were pretty sure to go where they were sent, and to come back when they were wanted.

During the time that each boy wore them, he got into such good habits that he was ever after easily managed. At last they came to the ninth and youngest boy, and became Timothy's shoes.

Now the eighth boy had very small feet, so that he had worn the shoes rather longer than the others, and Timothy got them somewhat later than usual. Then, Timothy's mother was not above the weakness of spoiling the youngest of the family. So, for one reason or another, Master Timothy was wilful, and his feet were pretty well used to taking their own way, before he stepped into the fairy shoes.

He played truant from school and was late for dinner so often, that at length his mother resolved to bear it no longer. One morning the leather shoes were brightly blacked and the copper tips polished. Master Tim was duly shod, and sent to school with many a wise warning from his fond parent.

"Now, Tim, dear, I know you will be a good boy," said his mother, a strong feeling that he would be no such thing pricking her conscience. "And mind you don't loiter or play truant. For if you do, these shoes will pinch you horribly, and you will be sure to be found out."

Tim's mother held him by his right arm, and Tim's left arm and both his legs were already as far away as he could stretch them. At last the good woman let go her hold, and Tim went off like an arrow from a bow, and he gave not one more thought to what his mother had said.

The past winter had been very cold, and the spring had been fitful and stormy. May had suddenly burst upon the country with one broad bright smile of sunshine and flowers.

If Tim had loitered when the frost nipped his nose and numbed his toes, or when the trees were bare and the ground muddy, and the March winds crept up his jacket sleeves, one can imagine the temptations to delay when every nook had a flower and every bush a bird.

II.

Going to school, Tim loitered once or twice to pick a flower; then the shoes pinched him, and he ran on, all the more willingly because a butterfly went before him. But when the path ran on above the marsh, and he looked down and saw the buttercups, he dismissed all thoughts of school. Buttercups he must have. He flung his satchel on the grass, and began to scramble down the bank. But though he turned his feet toward the buttercups, the shoes

seemed resolved to go to school. As he persisted in going toward the marsh, he suffered such twitches and twinges that he thought his feet would certainly be wrenched off.

But Tim was a very resolute little fellow, and he dragged himself, shoes and all, down to the marsh. And now he could not find a buttercup within reach; not one would grow on the safe edge, but they shone out of the depths of the bog.

At last, he fairly jumped into a clump that seemed pretty near, and was at once ankle-deep in water. Then, to his delight, the wet mud sucked the shoes off his feet, and he waded about among the reeds and buttercups, as happy as could be. And he was none the worse, though he ought to have been.

He moved about very carefully, feeling his way with a stick, and wondering how his eight brothers had been so feeble-minded as never to think of throwing the shoes into a bog, and so getting rid of them once for all.

At last Tim began to feel tired; he hurt his foot with a sharp stump. A fat yellow frog jumped up in his face and so startled him that he nearly fell backward into the water. So he scrambled out, and climbed the bank, and cleaned himself as well as he could with a small cotton pocket-handkerchief, and thought he would go on to school.

With all his faults, Tim was no coward. With a quaking heart and a stubborn face, he made up his mind to tell the teacher that he had played truant. But even when one has resolved to confess, the words lag behind, and Tim was still composing a speech in his mind, and had got no farther than "Please, ma'am," when he found himself in the school and under the teacher's very eye.

But Tim heeded not her frown, nor the titters of the children. His eyes were fixed upon the schoolroom floor, where, in Tim's proper place in the class, stood the little leather shoes, very muddy, and with a buttercup in each.

"You have been in the marsh, Timothy," said the teacher. "*Put on your shoes.*"

It will be believed that when his punishment and his lessons were over, Tim allowed his shoes to take him quietly home.

How often it happens that we do not fully value our best friends till they are about to be taken from us! It was a painful fact, but Timothy was outgrowing his shoes.

He was at home when the day came when the old leather shoes, into which he could no longer squeeze his feet, were polished for the last time, and put away in a cupboard in his mother's room.

Timothy blacked them with his own hands, and the tears were in his eyes as he put them on the shelf.

"Good-by, good little friends," said he. "I will try to walk as you have taught me."

Timothy's mother was much affected by this event. She could not sleep that night for thinking of the shoes in the cupboard. She seemed to live over again all the years of her married life.

Her first cares, the good conduct of all her boys, the faithful help of those good friends to her nine sons in turn — all passed through her mind as she gazed at the cupboard door with sleepless eyes. She thought, "How wise the good godmother was! No money would have done for my boys what the early training of these shoes has done."

The sun was just rising, and the good woman was just beginning to feel sleepy, when she was startled by the familiar sound as of a child jumping down from some height to the floor. The habit of years was strong upon her, and she cried, "Bless the boy! He will break his neck!" as she had reason to exclaim about one or another of her nine sons any day for the last twenty years.

But as she spoke, the cupboard door swung slowly open, and Timothy's shoes came out and ran across the floor. They paused for an instant by his mother's bed, as if to say farewell, and then

the bedroom door opened also, and let them pass. Down the stairs they went. They ran with that music of a childish patter that no foot in the house could make now. The mother sobbed to hear it for the last time. Then she thought, "The house door is locked; they can't go away yet."

But at that moment she heard the house door turn slowly on its hinges. Then she jumped out of bed and ran to the window, pushed it open, and leaned out. In front of the house was a little garden with a gate, and beyond the gate was a road, and beyond the road was a hill. On the grass of the hill the dew lay thick and white, and morning mists rested on the top.

The little shoes pattered through the garden, and the gate opened for them. They crossed the road and went over the hill, leaving little footprints in the dew. They passed into the morning mists, and were lost to sight. When the sun looked over the hill and dried the dew, and sent away the mists, Timothy's shoes were gone.

as ton'ish ment, great surprise.
af fec'tion ate ly. with love.
in her'it, to receive by nature from one's parents or other relatives.
vir'tues, good qualities.
chris'ten ing, the naming of a child by a priest or minister.
con'science, the knowledge of right and wrong.
re solved', decided.
loi'ter, to move slowly; to waste time.
fit'ful, changing.
temp ta'tion, a leading into wrong.
twitch'es, quick jerks.
twing'es, sudden pains.
wrenched, pulled roughly.
res'o lute, firm; determined.
com pos'ing, making up.

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

It was bitterly cold; it was snowing, and a dark evening was coming on. It was also the last evening of the year, New Year's Eve. In this cold and in this darkness there went through the streets a poor little girl with bare head and naked feet. She had slippers on when she left home, but of what use was that?

They were very large slippers; her mother had worn them last, and so large were they that the little girl had lost them when she was hurrying across the street out of the way of two carriages that were rushing by hastily. One of the shoes could not be found, and a boy ran off with the other; he said he could use it for a cradle when he had children of his own.

So the little girl walked along now with bare feet, all red and blue with cold. In an old apron she carried a quantity of matches, and she held one packet in her hand. Nobody had bought any from her the whole day; nobody had even given her a copper. Hungry and frozen she walked along, and looked as if she were cast down by fear.

The snowflakes fell upon her long golden hair,

which curled so prettily over her neck, but she thought nothing of that now. Lights shone from all the windows, and there was a delicious odor of roast goose in the street; it was New Year's Eve — yes, she thought about that.

Down in a corner between two houses, where one stood out into the street a little farther than the next one, she sat down and curled herself up. She had drawn up her little legs under her, but she was colder than ever. She dared not go home, for she had not sold any matches, and had not a single copper. Her father would beat her, and it was cold too at home. They had only the roof over them, and the wind whistled through it, although straw and rags were stuffed into the largest chinks.

Her little hands were stiff with cold. Ah, one little match would do some good! If she only dared pull one out of the bundle, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers! She pulled one out: *ritch*, how it spluttered, how it burnt! It was a warm, clear flame, just like a little candle when she held her hand round it. It was a wonderful candle. The little girl fancied that she was sitting in front of a big stove with shining brass globes and doors. The fire was burning so beautifully and warmed her so well, but — what was that? The little girl was just stretching out her feet to warm them too

— when the blaze went out. The stove vanished, and she was sitting with the end of the burnt-out match in her hand.

A new one was struck. It burned, it blazed, and where the light fell upon the wall it became transparent like gauze. She was looking straight through it into a room, where the table stood decked with a shining white cloth and fine porcelain, and a delicious roast goose stuffed with prunes and apples was steaming on it. And what was even grander, the goose sprang from the dish, and waddled across the floor with the carving-knife and fork sticking in its back. Straight up to the poor child it came, and then the match went out, and there was nothing but the thick, cold wall to be seen.

She lit another. This time she was sitting under the most lovely Christmas tree. It was even larger and more decorated than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's this time last Christmas. Thousands of lights were burning upon its green branches, and colored pictures like those which adorned the shop-windows looked down at her.

The little one stretched out both her hands into the air — then the match went out. The merry Christmas candles rose higher and higher, and she

saw that they were only the bright stars. One of them fell and made a long streak of fire across the sky. "Some one is dying now," said the little girl; for her old grandmother, who was the only person who had been kind to her, but who now was dead, had said, "When a star falls, a soul is going up to God."

She struck another match against the wall; it lighted all around her, and in the brightness stood her old grandmother, so clear, so bright, so gentle and blessed.

"Grandmother!" cried the little one. "Oh, take me with you! I know you will go away when the match goes out, away like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the beautiful large Christmas tree!"

She hastily struck all the rest of the matches that were in the bundle, for she wanted to stay by her grandmother. The matches blazed with such a glow that it was brighter than daylight. Grandmother had never before been so beautiful, so grand. She lifted the little girl in her arms, and they flew in brightness and joy, so high, so high; and there was no cold, no hunger, no fear, for they were with God.

But in the cold morning-time the little girl sat there, in the corner by the house, with rosy cheeks

and a smile on her face — dead, frozen to death on the last night of the old year. New Year's morning broke on the little body still sitting with the matches, of which nearly a bundle was burnt. "She tried to warm herself," they said. No one knew the beauty she had seen, nor in what brightness she had gone with her grandmother into the joy of the New Year.

van'ished, went out of sight suddenly.
trans par'ent, so thin or clear that one can see through.
gauze, a very thin cloth.
por'ce lain, chinaware.
decked, made gay or pretty.
de li'cious, good to taste.
dec'o ra ted, trimmed (see decked).
a dorned', made gay or beautiful.

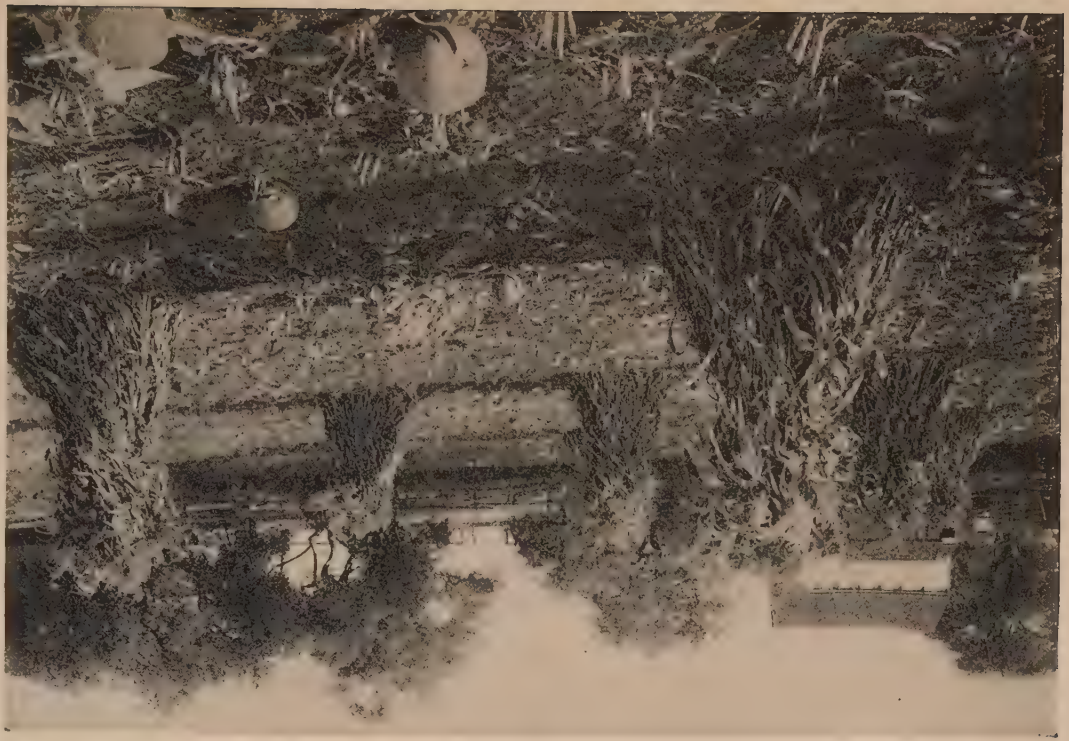
THE CORN SONG.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,



To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift,
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;

Give us the bowl of samp and milk
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls?

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.

hoard, a hidden store.
lav'ish, giving very freely.
ex ult'ing, rejoicing; being glad.
be stow', give.
mead, meadow.
knead, to press with the hands.
vap'id, dull; flat; foolish.
loll, to lie about in a lazy way.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, one of the greater American poets, was born in Massachusetts in 1807, and died in 1892. His first volume was called "Songs of Labor." His best known poem is "Snowbound." Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who knew Whittier well, has written of his life for Heath's "Fifth Reader."

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.

HASSAN was a camel-driver, and it was his business to go backward and forward across the desert to Suez, to take care of the camels. He had a son named Ali, about twelve years of age.

One day, when Hassan had been absent three months, his wife received a message from him, saying that he wished her to send Ali and the camel with the next caravan going to Suez. He would stop there till the boy arrived.

Ali was delighted at the thought of crossing the desert with a caravan in charge of his own camel, of which he was very fond. His mother was anxious at the thought of her son taking so long a journey, though she was pleased that Ali should be able to help his father.

The camel was their most valuable possession, and had been bought after many years of self-denial and careful saving. Though it was so big and clumsy in appearance, it was as gentle as a child. Ali called it Meek-eye. At the sound of his voice, the camel would come when it was called, and kneel down while its master mounted or the load was put on its back.

So Ali made ready the trappings of the camel. He saw that the water bottles did not leak, for, as they were made of skin, they were apt to crack. At last, he joined a caravan that was going to Suez. They filled their water bottles at the wells near the gates of the city. Then having bidden his mother a fond farewell, Ali started off with a light heart.

The leading camels had bells on their necks and were ridden by the guides. All the other camels followed the sound of the bells. So they tramped steadily into the desert, the large spongy feet of the camels making a swishing sound as they pressed into the soft sand, while the drivers laughed and talked as they rode along. No one took notice of Ali, who was the only boy in the party, but he was able to talk to Meek-eye, and so kept up a stout heart.

Toward the middle of the day it became so hot that the sand seemed to be on fire. There was no breeze to cool and refresh them. Nothing was to be seen but sand, rocks, and sky. At noon a halt was called where a small stream gushed out of the rocks. At night the party encamped for rest, the camels lying down while fires were lighted and food was cooked.

For days they journeyed on without accident, but on the fifth day, about noon, the sky became

overcast. A wind sprang up, the sand of the desert began to move about, and in a few minutes one of the dreaded sand-storms was upon them. The camels at once lay down and pushed their noses into the sand. Their drivers threw themselves flat upon the earth in the shelter given by the bodies of the camels.

After the storm had passed a cry of despair was heard from the drivers. The storm had covered the track with sand, and it was impossible to tell which way to go. So they wandered aimlessly. Three days passed thus, and then a graver danger was felt. The water bottles were dry.

That night, as Ali lay beside his camel, he heard one of the drivers say to a chief trader: "There is only one thing to be done. We must kill a camel and get the water in its stomach. We ought to take the boy's camel. Neither he nor his camel will be missed!"

Poor little Ali trembled with fear as he heard these words. What was he to do, alone among these men fierce with thirst? But as he thought of his camel and the father and mother he loved so well, a sudden resolve sprang up within him. He lay quite still till all was hushed in the camp. Then whispering a few words in his camel's ears, he noiselessly mounted and stole away.

On he went through the silent night, with his faithful camel under him and the silent stars above. As he went he prayed to the God of his fathers to bring him safely through the desert. At last day broke, and Ali saw all around him nothing but the vast expanse of sand. Toward noon he became so faint with thirst that he nearly dropped off his camel. He felt that very soon there would be nothing left to do but to lie down and die.

Just then the camel plunged forward a little faster. Straining his eyes, Ali saw in the far distance the top of a palm tree. But the camel had seen it first, and was now hastening on. In a short time both were having a long drink from a well, which gave trees and fertility to a small oasis in the desert.

After a refreshing sleep Ali awoke, and now noticed the marks of recent steps upon the sand. He knew that a caravan had been there just before him. He pushed on as fast as he could, and shortly after dusk he saw the welcome blaze of camp-fires. Soon he found himself one of a circle of camel drivers, who gave him food and drink and listened to his tale.

Happy were Ali's dreams, now that he felt his troubles were nearly over. He was awakened by the shouts of drivers and the tinkling of camel bells

from a new party, which had just reached the wells. As he lay listening in a sleepy fashion to these new sounds, he heard a voice that made him jump from the ground. Could he be mistaken? No, it was the sound of his father's voice, and in an instant he was in his father's arms.

Hassan had waited at Suez for some time, but as Ali did not come he thought that there had been some mistake, and started for home. What a joyful meeting there was a few days later, when Ali told his tale to his mother, who lifted up her heart in thankfulness to the great Father, who had brought her son safely home to her through so many dangers.

car'a van, a camel-train in the desert.
self-de ni'al, giving up things that one wants.
trap'pings, harness.
ex panse', wide extent of land or water or sky.
o'a sis, a grassy spot in a desert.
fer til'i ty, richness, fruitfulness.

THE EAGLE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

TROY AND THE WOODEN HORSE.

Once upon a time there was a famous city in Asia called Troy, not far from the sea-coast, and surrounded by a very strong wall. It was full of great treasures of gold and silver, and its people were brave and happy.

The king of this city, Priam, was rich and powerful. He had a splendid palace, where he lived with his fifty sons and dealt justice to his people. But in those days men thought it no harm to rob and fight the people of another country; indeed, they thought it a noble thing to live by the pillage and murder of foreigners.

Now it happened that Paris, one of the sons of Priam, travelled to Greece and came to the country of the Spartans. The king of this country was Menelaus, (Měn ĕ lā′us) a very brave man, whose wife, Helen, was the most beautiful woman in the world.

Menelaus received Paris kindly, and entertained him as his guest in his palace, feasting him, and showing him such great honor as was due to the son of a king. But Paris basely deceived his host and did him a great wrong by stealing Helen and carrying her away with him to Troy.

At this Menelaus was very angry, and he determined to be revenged. He summoned all the princes and kings of Greece, and they agreed to help him to punish Paris and to recover Helen. So they got together a vast number of ships and filled them with fighting men, and sailed for the shores of Troy.

When they came to Troy, they found that it was by no means easy to take the city. So they put up their tents and prepared to besiege it. For ten long years the army of the Greeks compassed it round about, but all in vain.

King Priam himself did not fight till the very last hour, but there were many brave champions on the side of the Trojans as well as on the side of the Greeks, and these delighted to meet in combat on the seashore and on the windy plains beneath the walls of the city. In these fights many warriors met their death, and among others Paris himself. But still the war continued.

For a long time neither party seemed stronger than the other, until the Greeks began to lose heart and to think that they were never going to take the city of Troy, for they could not get within the walls, however hard they tried and however bravely they fought.

At last they contrived a wonderful plan. The most

cunning chieftain among them, Ulysses (U lys′ sēz) the Crafty, proposed that they should construct an enormous wooden horse, and then, hiding their bravest warriors inside, that they should by a trick get the Trojans to take it into the city. So they secretly made the horse, shut up their champions inside it, and, leaving the horse near the walls, pretended to sail away to Greece.

The Trojans were overjoyed to see their enemies depart; and when they thought it was quite safe, the people poured out in a crowd from the gates to visit the deserted camp of the Greeks. They thought it delightful to wander about the places where their dreaded foes had lived so long, and they went from one spot to another remarking here and there where the tents of different chiefs had stood.

At last they noticed the wooden horse, and they thought it would be a fine thing to bring it into the city. So almost all the people, young and old, helped to drag the great creature through an opening that they had made in the wall; and when they had feasted and danced and sung, they lay down, utterly tired, to sleep. They little knew what was going to happen!

In the meantime, what were the Greeks doing? The ships that had pretended to sail home had

not really gone very far. They were only hiding behind an island. When it grew dark, without a sound the ships came back close to the shore, and the fighting men waded to land and crouched down outside the city gates.

Then, in the very middle of the night, the champions, still hidden in the body of the great horse, slipped quietly down and let their friends in at the gates.

In a few minutes the city was full of confusion and clamor. The warriors shouted and clashed their weapons, while the women, children, and old men cried in vain for help. Many perished and many fled; but nothing could save the glorious city of Troy, thus strangely destroyed by the device of the wooden horse.

pil'lage, robbery.
be re venged', to return an injury; to do harm for harm.
be siege', to hem in with an army in order to capture.
con struct', build.
com'passed, enclosed; went around.
cham'pi on, one who fights alone for his army; a hero.
com'bat, a fight.
e nor'mous, very large.
chief'tain, leader; captain.
clam'or, great noise.

GOODNESS. — Whatever any one does or says, I must be good; just as if the gold, or the emerald, or the purple, were always saying this: "Whatever any one else does, I must be gold, or emerald, and keep my color." —MARCUS AURELIUS.

THE TROJAN HORSE

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat, —
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,

And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;

Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

smith'y, the workshop of a smith. | **Par'a dise,** a place of happiness; heaven.

THE FLYING TRUNK.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE was once a merchant who was so rich that he might have paved the whole street, and a little alley besides, with silver money. But he didn't do it — he knew how to use his money better than that. If he laid out a penny, he got half a dollar in return, such a clever man of business was he — and then he died.

His son got all the money, and he led a merry life. He used to go to masquerades every night, made kites of bank-notes, and played ducks and drakes with gold coins instead of stones. In this way the money soon went. At last he had only a penny left, and no clothes except an old dressing-gown and a pair of slippers. His friends cared for him no longer, for they couldn't walk about the streets with him; but one of them who was kind sent him an old trunk, and said, "Pack up." Now

this was all very well, but he had nothing to pack, so he got into the trunk himself.

It was a most peculiar trunk. If one pressed the lock the trunk could fly; and this is what happened: With a whiz it flew up the chimney, taking the merchant's foolish son high above the clouds, farther and farther away. The bottom of it cracked ominously, and he was dreadfully afraid it would go to pieces, and a nice fall he would have had!

At last he arrived in the country of the Turks. He hid the trunk in a wood under the dead leaves, and walked into the town. He could easily do that, as all the Turks wear dressing-gowns and slippers just as he did. He met a nurse with a baby.

"I say, you Turkish nurse," said he, "what is that big palace close to the town, where all the windows are so high up?"

"That's where the king's daughter lives," said she. "It has been prophesied that she will be made very unhappy by a lover, so no one is allowed to visit her except when the king and queen go with them."

"Thank you," said the merchant's son. Then he went back to the wood and got into his trunk again, flew up to the roof of the palace, and crept in at the princess's window.

She was lying on a sofa, fast asleep. She was so

very beautiful that the merchant's son was driven to kiss her. She woke up and was dreadfully frightened, but he said he was the Prophet of the Turks and that he had flown down through the air to see her. This pleased her very much.

They sat side by side, and he told her stories about her eyes; he said they were like the most beautiful deep, dark lakes, in which her thoughts floated like mermaids. Then he told her about her forehead, saying that it was like a snow mountain, adorned with a series of pictures. After he had told her a great number of these beautiful stories, he asked her to marry him, and she at once said "Yes."

"But you must come here on Saturday," she said, "when the king and the queen drink tea with me. They will be very proud when they hear that I am to marry a prophet. But be sure that you have a splendid story to tell them, for my parents are very fond of stories; my mother likes them to be grand and very proper, but my father likes them to be merry, so that he can laugh at them."

"Well, a story will be my only wedding-gift," he said, and then they separated; but the princess gave him a sword carved with gold. It was the kind of present he needed badly.

He flew away and bought himself a new dressing-gown, and sat down in the wood to make up a new

story. It had to be ready by Saturday, and it is not always so easy to make up a story.

However, he had it ready in time, and Saturday came. The king, the queen, and the whole court were waiting for him round the princess's tea-table. He had a charming reception.

"Now will you tell us a story?" said the queen, "one which is both thoughtful and instructive."

"But one that we can laugh at, too," said the king.

"All right!" said he, and then he began. We must listen to his story attentively.

THE STORY OF THE MATCHES.

"There was once a bundle of matches, and they were very proud because of their high origin. Their family tree, that is to say the great pine tree of which each of them was a little splinter, had been the giant of the forest. The matches now lay on a shelf between a tinder-box and an old iron pot, and they told the whole story of their youth to these two.

"'Ah, when we were a living tree,' said they, 'we were indeed a green branch! Every morning and every evening we had diamond-tea, that was the dewdrops. In the day we had the sunshine, and all the little birds to tell us stories. We could see,

too, that we were very rich, for most of the other trees were clad only in summer, but our family could afford to have green clothes both summer and winter.

"'But then the wood-cutters came, and there was a great revolution, and our family was separated. The head of the tribe got a place as mainmast on a splendid ship, which could sail round the world if it chose. The other branches were scattered in different directions, and it is now our task to give light to the common herd, — that is how such aristocratic people as ourselves have come into this kitchen.'

"'Now, my lot has been different!' said the iron pot, beside which the matches lay. 'Ever since I came into the world I have passed the time in being scoured and boiled, over and over again! Everything solid comes to me, and in fact I am the most important person in the house. My pleasure is when the dinner is over, to lie clean and bright on the shelf, and to have a sensible chat with my companions. With the exception of the water-bucket which sometimes goes down into the yard, we lead an indoor life. Our only newsbearer is the market-basket, and it talks very wildly about the Government and the People. Why, the other day an old pot was so alarmed by the conversation, that it fell down and broke itself to pieces!'

"'You are talking too much,' said the tinder-box, and the steel struck sparks on the flint. 'Let us have a merry evening.'

"'Yes, pray let us settle which is the most aristocratic among us,' said the matches.

"'No, I don't like talking about myself,' said the earthen pipkin. 'Let us have an evening entertainment! I will begin. I will tell you the kind of things we have all experienced; they are quite easy to understand, and that is why we all like them. By the eastern sea and Danish beeches —'

"'That's a nice beginning to make!' said all the plates. 'I am sure that will be a story we shall like!'

"'Well, I passed my youth there, in a very quiet family. The furniture was beeswaxed, the floors washed, and clean curtains were put up once a fortnight!'

"'What a good story-teller you are,' said the broom. 'One can tell directly that it's a woman telling the story, for a vein of cleanliness runs through it!'

"'Yes, one feels that,' said the water-pail, and for very joy it gave a little hop which clashed on the floor.

"The pipkin went on with its story, and the end

was much the same as the beginning. All the plates clattered with joy, and the broom crowned the pipkin with a wreath of parsley, because it knew it would annoy the others; and it thought, 'If I crown her to-day, she will crown me to-morrow.'

"'Now I will dance,' said the tongs, and began to dance. 'Mayn't I be crowned too?' she said. So they crowned her.

"'They're only a crowd of noisy people after all,' said the matches.

"The tea-urn was called upon to sing now, but it had a cold, it said. It couldn't sing except when it was boiling; but that was all because it was stuck-up. It *wouldn't* sing except when it was on the drawing-room table.

"There was an old quill pen, along on the window-sill, with which the servant used to write. There was nothing extraordinary about it, except that it had been dipped too far into the ink, but it was rather proud of that. 'If the tea-urn won't sing, it can let it alone,' it said. 'There is a nightingale hanging outside in a cage; it can sing. It certainly hasn't learnt anything special, but we needn't mind that to-night.'

"'I think it is most unsuitable,' said the kettle, which was the kitchen songster, and half-sister of

the urn, 'that a strange bird like that should be listened to! Is it patriotic? I will let the market-basket judge.'

"'I am very much annoyed,' said the market-basket. 'I am more annoyed than any one can tell! Is this a suitable way to spend an evening? Wouldn't it be better to put the house to rights? Then everything would find its proper place, and I would manage the whole party. Then we should get on differently!'

"'Yes, let us make a row!' they all said together.

"At that moment the door opened; it was the servant, and they all stood still. Nobody uttered a sound. But there was not a pot among them which didn't know its size and strength, or how distinguished it was. 'If *I* had chosen, we might have had a merry evening, and no mistake,' they all thought.

"The servant took the matches and struck a light; preserve us! how they sputtered and blazed up.

"'Now every one can see,' they thought, 'that we are the first. How brilliantly we shine! What a light we shed around!'— And then they were burnt out."

"That was a splendid story," said the queen. "I quite felt that I was in the kitchen with the matches. Yes indeed, you shall marry our daughter."

"Certainly!" said the king. "You shall marry her on Monday!"

So the wedding was decided upon, and the evening before the town was illuminated. Buns and cakes were scattered broadcast. The street boys stood on tiptoe and shouted hurrah, and whistled through their fingers. Everything was most gorgeous.

"I suppose I shall have to do something, too," said the merchant's son. So he bought hundreds of rockets, squibs, and all sorts of fireworks, put them into his trunk, and flew up into the air with them.

All the Turks jumped about at the sight, so that their slippers flew into the air. They had never seen a flight of meteors like that before. They saw now without doubt that it was the prophet himself, who was about to marry the princess.

As soon as the merchant's son got down again into the wood with his trunk, he thought, "I will just go into the town to hear what was thought of the display," and it was quite proper that he should do so.

Oh, how every one talked! Every single man he spoke to had his own opinion about it, but that it had been splendid was the universal opinion.

"I saw the prophet myself," said one. "His eyes were like stars, and his beard like foaming water."

"He was wrapped in a mantle of fire," said another. "The most beautiful angels' heads peeped out among the folds."

He heard nothing but pleasant things, and the next day was to be his wedding-day. He went back to the wood to get into his trunk—but where was it? The trunk was burnt up. A spark from the fire-works had set fire to it and the trunk was burnt to ashes. He could not fly any more, or reach his bride. She stood all day on the roof waiting for him. She is waiting for him still, but he wanders around the world telling stories, but they are no longer so merry as the one he told about the matches.

mas quer ade', a party at which the people dress in such a way that no one will know them.
proph'e sied, told beforehand.
om'i nous ly, in a threatening way.
mer'maid, a fabled creature, having the upper part like a lovely woman, and the lower part like a fish.
rev o lu'tion, a complete change.
ar is to crat'ic, of high rank.
pip'kin, a small jar of earthen-ware.
ex traor'di na ry, unusual; strange.
u ni ver'sal o pin'ion, the thought of every one.
me'te ors, "shooting stars."

Govern the lips
As they were palace doors, the king within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.—EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

GEORGE MacDONALD.

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out
You stare in the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about.
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep on a heap
Of clouds to sleep
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again.
On high in the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge and my wedge
I have knocked off her edge.
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread;
"One puff more's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer glum, will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone;
In the air nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down, in town,
Like a merry mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar.
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more.

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew;
But in vain was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew, till she filled the night,
And shone on her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath, good faith,
I blew her to death;—
First blew her away, right out of the sky,
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon, she knew nothing about the affair,
For, high in the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

rev'els, sports. | **marvel of power,** very strong creature.

GEORGE MACDONALD was born in Scotland in 1824. His novels have made him well known, and he has also written many stories and poems for young people. "The Princess and the Goblin" and "At the Back of the North Wind" are his best fairy stories.

PERFECTION.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616) is the greatest English poet and one of the world's greatest poets.

THE GREEDY SHEPHERD.

FRANCES BROWNE.

I.

Once upon a time there lived in the south country two brothers, whose business it was to keep sheep on a great, grassy plain, which was bounded on the one side by a forest, and on the other by a chain of high hills. No one lived on that plain but shepherds, who dwelt in low cottages, and watched their sheep so carefully that no lamb was ever lost. Nor had one of the shepherds ever travelled beyond the foot of the hills and the skirts of the forest.

There were none among them more careful than these two brothers, one of whom was called Clutch, and the other Kind. Though born brothers, two men of distant countries could not be more unlike in disposition. Clutch thought of nothing in this world but how to catch and keep some profit for himself, while Kind would have shared his last morsel with a hungry dog.

This covetous mind made Clutch keep all his father's sheep when the old man was dead and gone, because he was the elder brother, allowing Kind nothing but the place of a servant to help him in looking after them. Kind would not quarrel

with his brother for the sake of the sheep, so he helped him to keep them, and Clutch had all his own way. This made him agreeable.

For some time the brothers lived peaceably in their father's cottage, which stood low and lonely under the shadow of a great sycamore tree. They kept their flock on the grassy plain, always having their pipe and crook with them, till new troubles arose through Clutch's covetousness.

On that plain there was neither town, nor city, nor market-place, where people might sell or buy, but the shepherds cared little for trade. The wool of their flocks made them clothes; their milk gave them butter and cheese. At feast times every family killed a lamb or so, and their fields yielded them wheat for bread. The forest supplied them with firewood for winter; and every midsummer, which is the sheep-shearing time, traders from a certain far-off city came through it by an ancient way to purchase all the wool the shepherds could spare, and give them in exchange either goods or money.

One midsummer it so happened that these traders praised the wool of Clutch's flock above all they found on the plain, and gave him the highest price for it. That was an unlucky happening for the sheep: thenceforth Clutch thought he could never get enough wool off them.

At the shearing time nobody else clipped so close, and in spite of all Kind could do or say, he left the poor sheep as bare as if they had been shaven. And as soon as the wool grew long enough to keep them warm, he was ready with the shears again — no matter how chilly might be the days, or how near the winter. Kind did not like these doings, and they caused many a debate between him and his brother.

Clutch always tried to persuade him that close clipping was good for the sheep, and Kind always strove to make him think he had got all the wool — so they were never done with disputes. Still Clutch sold the wool, and stored up his profits, and one midsummer after another passed. The shepherds began to think him a rich man, and close clipping might have become the fashion, but for a strange thing which happened to his flock.

The wool had grown well that summer. He had taken two crops off his sheep, and was thinking of a third, — though the misty mornings of autumn had come, and the cold evenings made the shepherds put on their winter cloaks, — when first the lambs, and then the ewes began to stray away; and search as the brothers would, not one of them was ever found again.

Clutch blamed Kind for being careless, and

watched with all his might. Kind knew it was not his fault, but he kept a sharper watch than ever. Still the straying went on. The flocks grew smaller every day, and all the brothers could find out was, that the closest clipped were the first to go; and, count the flock when they might, some were sure to be missed at the folding.

Kind grew tired of watching, and Clutch lost his sleep with vexation. The other shepherds, over whom Clutch boasted of his wool and his profits, were not sorry to see pride having a fall. Most of them pitied Kind, but all of them agreed that they had marvellous ill-luck, and kept as far from them as they could for fear of sharing it.

Still the flock melted away as the months wore on. Storms and cold weather never stopped them

from straying, and when the spring came back, nothing remained with Clutch and Kind but three old ewes, the quietest and lamest of their whole flock. They were watching these ewes one evening, in the primrose time, when Clutch, who had never kept his eyes off them that day, said: —

"Brother, there is wool to be had on their backs."

"It is too little to keep them warm," said Kind. "The east wind still blows sometimes," — but Clutch was off to the cottage for the bag and shears.

Kind was grieved to see his brother so covetous, and to divert his mind he looked up at the great hills. It was a sort of comfort to him, ever since their losses began, to look at them evening and morning. Now their far-off heights were growing crimson with the setting sun, but as he looked, three creatures like sheep fled up a cleft as fleet as any deer. When Kind turned, he saw his brother coming with the bag and shears, but not a sheep was to be seen. Clutch's first question was, What had become of them? and when Kind told him what he saw, the elder brother scolded him for ever lifting his eyes off them.

"Much good the hills and sunset will do us," said he, "now that we have not a single sheep. The other shepherds will hardly give us room among them at shearing time or harvest, but for my part,

I'll not stay on this plain to be despised for poverty. If you like to come with me, and be guided by my advice, we will get service somewhere. I have heard my father say that there were great shepherds living in old times beyond the hills; let us go and see if they will take us for sheep-boys."

Kind would rather have stayed and tilled his father's wheat-field, hard by the cottage; but since his eldest brother would go, he resolved to bear him company. Next morning, accordingly, Clutch took his bag and shears, Kind took his crook and pipe, and away they went over the plain and up the hills.

II.

All who saw them thought they had lost their senses, since no shepherd had gone there for a hundred years, and nothing was to be seen but wide moorlands, full of rugged rocks. Kind persuaded his brother to take the direction the sheep had gone, but the ground was so rough and steep, that after two hours' climbing they would gladly have turned back, if it had not been that their sheep were gone, and the shepherds would laugh at them.

By noon they came to the stony cleft up which the three old ewes had run like deer; but both were tired, and sat down to rest. Their feet were sore, and their hearts were heavy; but as they

waited, there came a sound of music down the hills, as if a thousand shepherds had been piping. Clutch and Kind had never heard such music before.

As they listened, the soreness passed from their feet, and the heaviness from their hearts; and arising, they followed the sound up the cleft, and over a wide heath, covered with purple bloom. At sunset they came to the hilltop, and saw a broad pasture, where violets grew thick among the grass, and thousands of snow-white sheep were feeding, while an old man sat in the midst of them playing on his pipe.

He wore a long coat, the color of the holly leaves. His hair hung to his waist, and his beard to his knees. Both were as white as snow, and he had the countenance of one who had led a quiet life, and known no cares or losses.

"Good father," said Kind, for his elder brother hung back and was afraid, "tell us what land is this, and where can we find service; for my brother and I are shepherds, and can well keep flocks from straying, though we have lost our own."

"These are the hill pastures," said the old man, "and I am the ancient shepherd. My flocks never stray, but I have employment for you. Which of you can shear best?"

"Good father," said Clutch, taking courage, "I am the closest shearer in all the plain country; you

would not find as much wool on a sheep when I have done with it as would make a thread."

"You are the man for my business," replied the old shepherd. "When the moon rises, I will call the flock you have to shear. Till then, sit down and rest, and take your supper out of my wallet."

Clutch and Kind gladly sat down by him among the violets, and, opening a leathern bag which hung by his side, the old man gave them cakes and cheese, and a horn cup to drink from at a stream hard by. The brothers felt fit for any work after that meal; and Clutch rejoiced at the chance he had for showing his skill with the shears. "Kind will see how useful it is to cut close," he thought to himself.

They sat with the old man, telling him the news of the plain, till the sun went down and the moon rose, and all the snow-white sheep gathered and laid themselves down behind him. Then he took his pipe and played a merry tune, when immediately there was heard a great howling, and up the hills came a troop of shaggy wolves, with hair so long that their eyes could scarcely be seen. Clutch would have fled for fear, but the wolves stopped, and the old man said to him:—

"Rise, and shear — this flock of mine have too much wool on them."

Clutch had never shorn wolves before, yet he could

not think of losing and went forward with a stout heart. But the first of the wolves showed its teeth, and all the rest raised such a howl when he came near them, that Clutch was glad to throw down his shears, and run behind the old man for safety.

"Good father," cried he, "I will shear sheep, but not wolves."

"They must be shorn," said the old man, "or you go back to the plains, and they after you; but whichever of you can shear them will get the whole flock."

On hearing this, Clutch began to exclaim over his hard fortune, and accused his brother of bringing him there to be hunted and devoured by wolves. But Kind, thinking that things could be no worse, caught up the shears his brother had thrown away and went boldly up to the nearest wolf.

To his great surprise, the wild creature seemed to know him, and stood quietly to be shorn, while the rest of the flock gathered round as if waiting their turn. Kind clipped neatly, but not too close, and heaped up the hair on one side. When he had finished one, another came forward, and Kind went on shearing by the bright moonlight till the whole flock were shorn. Then the old man said:—

"You have done well; take the wool and the flock for your wages, return with them to the plain,

and, if you please, take this little-worth brother of yours for a boy to keep them."

Kind did not much like keeping wolves, but before he could make answer, they had all changed into the very sheep which had strayed away so strangely. All of them had grown fatter and thicker of fleece, and the hair he had cut off lay by his side, a heap of wool so fine and soft that its like had never been seen on the plain.

Clutch gathered it up in his empty bag, and glad was he to go back to the plain with his brother; for the old man sent them away with their flock, saying no man might see the dawn of day on that pasture but himself, for it was the ground of the fairies. So Clutch and Kind went home with great gladness. All the shepherds came to hear their wonderful story, and ever after liked to keep near them because they had such good luck. They keep the sheep together till this day, but Clutch has grown less greedy, and Kind alone uses the shears.

dis po si'tion, nature ; natural temper.
mor'sel, a small piece ; bit.
cov'et ous, greedy ; selfish.
crook, a staff having a bent end.
an'cient, very old.
de bate', a contest in words.
syc'a more, a large tree ; plane tree.
prim'rose, a small spring flower.
di vert', to turn aside or away.
fleet, swift, fast.
em ploy'ment, work.
pipe, a musical instrument, often made of straws or reeds.
coun'te nance, face.

FRANCES BROWNE was a blind Irish poetess, born about 1816. This selection is from "The Wonderful Chair."

A TALE OF A FOREST FIRE.

"CHILDREN, I will dismiss you now. The air is becoming so thick with smoke that I am afraid forest fires have broken out not far off. Go home as quickly as you can." So spoke Miss Nelson, the teacher of a school in northern Ontario. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and in less than two minutes the schoolhouse was empty.

For six weeks there had been little or no rain. Fire had broken out in the forest in different places, but as the weather had been calm, it had not spread, but had quickly burned itself out. Now, however, wind had sprung up, fire had broken out again, and great clouds of smoke were already blowing over the schoolhouse.

When the children separated and went off in different directions, one little party of three took a road leading north. These were Mabel Howard, a girl of sixteen, and the two brothers, Tim and Harry Lennox, aged eleven and nine years. The parents of these children lived three miles from the schoolhouse on adjoining farms, which were not likely to be reached by the fires; so the young people had no fear for the safety of their own homes.

They trudged cheerily on until they came to a belt of forest about half a mile broad, through which their road lay. Here the smoke was becoming dense, but the children, not expecting that the flames could reach so far, entered the wood without fear. They had not gone a hundred yards when the heat became unbearable; and, borne down by the westerly breeze, a roaring sound, like the rushing of mighty waters, fell upon their ears. Soon the hissing and crackling of the flames told them that the fire was fast sweeping toward them.

"Back — back to the clearing! We can't get through!" cried Mabel, turning to run.

Then, stopping as suddenly as she had started off, she exclaimed: "Oh, those poor children, Gertrude and Crissy Moore! I met their mother this morning, and she told me that she and Mr. Moore would be away from home all day, and that the children would be alone. The house is two miles from here, and close to the woods. The fire will soon reach the house, and the poor little girls will be burned to death!

"Come, boys, come! We must outrun the fire and get there in time to save them. Let us make a race for it!" And the three set off along the fields by the edge of the forest.

They started at full speed, and soon found that

they were outstripping the flames. But great billows of smoke were rolling all around them, and before they had gone three-quarters of a mile the two boys sank to the ground, overcome by the heat, and almost stifled by the smoke.

What was to be done? Mabel could not leave them there in the path of the fire; and yet she dared not delay. Looking around in dismay and terror, her eyes fell on a well-known landmark — a small, placid lake.

"Come, boys," she cried; "try again. Our lives and the lives of the Moore children depend upon our not giving way. The lake is just beyond us there. Hold tight to me, and I'll take you to it." And, half dragging the nearly unconscious lads, she brought them at last to the water's edge.

All three threw themselves down and drank as they had never drunk before. Then the boys declared they were ready to go on. But Mabel said, "No, lie down on the ground. The smoke will not reach you there; and if the fire creeps across the field, wade out into the lake, where you will be quite safe till I can come back for you."

The boys lay down as she bade them, and then the heroic girl pushed on alone. Through the delay the fire had gained on her, and as she raced on in front of the roaring flames, she had to halt and

stoop low to the earth to get a breath of pure air.

At last, breathless with running, Mabel reached Mr. Moore's farm. The two little children were clinging to each other, screaming for help. No time was to be lost. The awful sea of fire was already bursting through the trees! Gently laying the children face down upon the ground, Mabel dipped her light woollen shawl in a pail of water, drew it over her head, and ran swiftly to the well at the back of the house.

Over the well was an old-fashioned windlass, around the drum of which was a rope attached to a great bucket. The ready-witted girl lowered the bucket rapidly to the bottom, and, drawing it up again empty, found that the water must be less than two feet deep.

The air was now so hot, that in order to breathe, she had to draw a fold of the wet shawl over her mouth and nose. While doing this she noticed a pile of fire-wood standing in the yard. Hurrying to it, she brought back an armful of blocks, which she threw into the well. This action she repeated, until, letting down the bucket again, she found that the blocks of wood stood above the level of the water.

Running back to the house, she tore the blankets

from the beds, snatched little Crissy up in her arms, and bidding Gertie hold on to her frock, hurried again to the well. To drop the blankets to the bottom, place the children, one at a time, in the bucket and lower them down, was the work of a few moments. Then letting the bucket remain below, she grasped the rope, slid down hand over hand, and joined the terrified children in their strange place of refuge.

The descent was not made a moment too soon. The flames were already rushing over the dry grass and stubble. In another minute the rest of the woodpile was ablaze, and a sheet of flame swept over the well. The rope, catching fire at the top, quickly burnt through, and fell plump upon the heads of the children.

For hours they cowered in terror, watching the whirling smoke, and listening to the roaring flames above. By and by the noise grew less, the smoke cleared; and, quite worn out, Mabel and her little charges fell asleep.

At last Mabel was awakened by Crissy's plaintive cry, "I want my breakfast!" and found that the sun had risen upon another day. It was impossible to get out of the well. Mabel, though her heart was full of fear, did her best to comfort the little ones, hoping that at last some one would rescue them.

Several hours passed away. The sun had risen high in the heavens, when at last hurried footsteps were heard approaching. The anxious mother had reached her home, to find nothing but charred and glowing embers. A cry of despair broke from her when she could find no trace of her children.

But what is that? Her cry is answered by a faint shout! She stands eagerly listening. Again the shout is repeated — it sounds like a voice from the ground. A sudden thought strikes her. She rushes to the well, leans over the charred curb, and from the depths the cheering words reach her ears: "It's I, Mabel Howard. Gertrude and Crissy are with me."

Kneeling down by the brink, and peering into the darkness, Mrs. Moore caught a faint glimpse of the children, and uttered a glad cry of thankfulness. Then, opening a little parcel of cloth she had bought in the town, she tore the cloth into strips, and tied a number of them together. Fastening a stone to one end of the line she lowered it to Mabel, who quickly tied the rope to it. Then Mrs. Moore drew up the rope and fastened it to the windlass.

"Send the baby up first!" she cried joyfully. In a few moments the delighted little one appeared in the bucket at the mouth of the well, and was clasped in her mother's arms. Gertrude came next, and

then Mrs. Moore exclaimed: "What shall we do now, Mabel? You are such a heavy lump of goodness that I'm afraid I can't wind you up."

"Never mind me," laughed Mabel, cheerily. "Just lower the bucket again and let me send up the blankets, and then I will make my own way out."

Up came the blankets; the bucket made another descent, and Mabel, grasping the rope with both hands, and leaning far back, planted her feet firmly against the rough wall, and walked up to daylight as cleverly as any boy could have done.

Imagine the words of heartfelt thankfulness with which she was greeted by the fond mother. Imagine, too, Mabel's joy when, on reaching home, she found that the little Lennox boys whom she had left at the lake had also escaped unhurt. Mr. Moore's house was soon rebuilt, and in his best room hangs the portrait of the brave girl to whose courage and quick wit he owed the safety of his children, the sunshine of his home.

ad join'ing, touching each other.
trudge, to walk or march wearily.
de lay', to stop for a time; to put off.
dis may', fear; alarm.
plac'id, calm.
un con'scious, fallen into a faint; not knowing.
he ro'ic, brave.
wind'lass, the part of the well which draws up the bucket.
drum, the round part of the windlass, about which the rope winds.
cow'er, to sink in fear.
plain'tive, sad; complaining.
em'bers, the hot remains of a fire.
des pair', loss of hope.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"

And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

gloam'ing, twilight; dusk.
er'mine, the fur of a small white animal with a black tail.
sweet Au'burn, a cemetery.
Car ra'ra, a town in Italy where the whitest marble is found.

James Russell Lowell (1819–1891) was a friend of Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, and Whittier. As a poet he ranks with them. He is also famous as one of the greater American critics. Like Longfellow and Holmes, he was for many years a professor in Harvard University.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

A LIVELY SLED-RIDE.[1]

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

One Thursday night, about the middle of January, there was a fall of snow, deep enough for sledding. The next morning Harry Loudon, in connection with Tom Selden, a boy several years older than himself, concocted a grand scheme.

They would haul wood on a sled, all day Saturday. Harry's father gave his consent to the plan, and loaned his sled, which was, as to size, quite an imposing affair. It was about eight feet long and four feet wide, and was made of heavy boards, nailed transversely upon a couple of solid runners, with upright poles to keep the load in its place.

Old Mr. Truly Matthews had had a large pile of wood cut in a forest about a mile and a half from the village, and the boys knew that he wanted it hauled to the house, and that by a good day's work considerable money could be made.

Three negro men agreed to help for one fourth of the profits. Tom Selden went into the affair, heart and hand, agreeing to take out his share in

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fun. The only difficulty was to procure a team; and nothing less than a four-horse team would satisfy the boys.

Mr. Loudon lent them one horse, old Selim, — a big brown fellow, — that was very good at pulling when he felt in the humor. Tom could bring no horse; for his father did not care to lend his horses for such a purpose. He was afraid they might get their legs broken; and, strange as it seemed to the boys, most of the neighbors appeared to have similar opinions.

Horses were very hard to borrow that Friday afternoon. But a negro man, named Isaac Waddell, agreed to let his thin horse, Hector, for fifty cents for the day; and the storekeeper, after much persuasion, lent a big gray mule, Grits by name.

There was another mule in the village which the boys could have; but they did not want her, that is, if they could get anything else with four legs that would do to go in their team. This was Polly, a little mule belonging to Mrs. Dabney, who kept the post-office.

Now Polly did not particularly object to a walk, if it were not too long, but she seldom indulged in trotting. It was of no use to whip her. Her skin was so thick, or so destitute of feeling that she took no notice of the hardest crack. Perhaps the best

thing that could be said of her was that she did not take up much room.

But on Saturday, it was evident that Polly would have to be taken, for no animal could be obtained in her place. So, soon after breakfast, the team was collected in Mr. Loudon's back yard, and harnessed to the sled.

Beside the three negroes who had been hired, there were seven volunteers — some big, and some little — who were very willing to work for nothing, if they might have a ride on the sled. The harness was not the best in the world; some of it was leather, and some was rope, and some was chain. It was gathered from various quarters, like the team, for nobody seemed desirous to lend good harness.

Grits and thin Hector were the leaders, and Polly and old Selim were the pole-horses, so to speak. When all the straps were buckled, and the chains hooked, and the knots tied, — and this took a long time, as there were only twelve men and boys to do it, — Dick Ford jumped on old Selim, little Johnny Sand, as black as ink, was hoisted on Grits, and Gregory Montague, a tall yellow boy, in high boots with no toes to them, bestrode thin Hector.

Harry, Tom, and nine negroes — two more had just come into the yard — jumped on the sled. Dick Ford cracked his whip; Kate, Harry's sister, stood

on the back doorstep and clapped her hands; all the darkies shouted; Tom and Harry hurrahed; and away they — didn't go.

Polly wasn't ready. And what was more, old brown Selim was perfectly willing to wait for her. He looked around mildly at the little mule, as if he would say, "Now, don't be in a hurry, my good Polly. Be sure you're right before you go ahead."

Polly was quite sure she was not right, and stood as stiffly as if she had been frozen to the ground. All the cracking of whips and the shouting of "Git up!" "Go 'long!" "What you mean dar, you, Polly!" made no impression on her.

"Never mind Polly!" shouted Harry; "Let her alone. Dick, and you other fellows, just start off your own horses. Now then! Get up, all of you!"

At this, every rider whipped up his horse or his mule, and spurred him with his heels, and every darkey shouted, "Hi dar!" and off they went, rattledy bang!

Polly went too. There never was so astonished a little mule in this world! Out of the gate they all whirled at a full gallop, and up the road, tearing along! — negroes shouting, chains rattling, snow flying back from sixteen pounding hoofs, sled cutting through the snow like a ship at sea, and a little

darkey shooting out behind at every bounce over a rough place!

"Hurrah!" cried Harry, holding tight to an upright pole, "Isn't this splendid!"

"Splendid! It's glorious!" shouted Tom. "It's better than being a pi—." And down he went on his knees, as the big sled banged over a stone in the road.

Whether Tom intended to say a pirate or a piper, was never discovered. Very soon, there was only one of the negro boys left on the sled. This boy, John William Webster, clung to a pole as if he had been glued there.

As for Polly, she was carried along faster than she ever went before. She jumped, she skipped, she galloped, she slid, she skated; sometimes sitting down and sometimes on her feet, but flying along all the same, no matter how she chose to go.

And so, rattling, shouting, banging, bouncing, snow flying and whip cracking, on they went, until John William Webster's pole came out, and ciip! he went off into the snow. But John William did not mind tumbles. In an instant, he jerked himself up to his feet, dropped the pole, and dashed after the sled.

Swiftly on went the sled, and just behind came John William, his legs working like steamboat

wheels, his white teeth shining, and his big eyes sparkling.

In less than two minutes, he reached the sled, seized a man by the leg, and tugged and pulled until he seated himself on the end board. "I tole yer so!" said he, when he got his breath. And yet he hadn't told anybody anything.

And now the woods were reached, and after much pulling and shouting, the team was brought to a halt, and then slowly led through a short road to where the wood was piled. The big mule and the horses steamed and puffed a little, but Polly stood as calm as a rocking-horse.

con coct'ed, made up.
scheme, plan.
per sua'sion, coaxing.
trans verse'ly, crosswise.
vol un teer', one who offers his help.
con sid'er a ble, a good deal of; worthy of regard.
des'ti tute, lacking.

FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON was born in Philadelphia in 1834 and died in 1902. He was at one time assistant editor of the "St. Nicholas" magazine. Among his many books for young people are "Tales out of School," and "What Might Have Been Expected." His genial humor appears at its best in "Rudder Grange," his most popular story.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blesséd are the horny hands of toil. — LOWELL.

THE STORY OF ALI COGIA, A MERCHANT OF BAGDAD.

I.

THERE lived at Bagdad a merchant whose name was Ali Cogia. He was neither rich nor poor, but lived in comfort in the house that had been his father's. For three nights, one after another, he had a strange dream, which gave cause to the events of this story. An old man appeared to him, and with a severe look reproached him for not having made a pilgrimage to Mecca. The vision, seen three times, gave him much trouble.

The dream pricked his conscience so sorely that he made up his mind to go. Therefore he let his house, and sold all of his goods except a few which he thought he could turn to better profit at Mecca. After this was done, he had a thousand pieces of gold which he wanted to leave behind him in some place of safety.

This was the plan which, upon careful thought, he adopted: he took a large jar and put the thousand pieces of gold into it, and covered them over with olives. When he had closed the mouth of the jar he carried it to a merchant, one of his best friends, and said to him: —

"You know, brother, that in a few days I mean to

depart with the caravan on my pilgrimage to Mecca. I beg the favor of you to take charge of a jar of olives, and keep it for me till I return."

The merchant promised to do this, and in the kindest manner said, "Here, take the key of my warehouse, and set your jar where you please. You shall find it there when you return."

When the caravan started, Ali Cogia, riding a camel loaded with the goods he thought fit to carry, started with it. He arrived safe at Mecca, performed all his religious duties at the temple, and then exposed his goods for sale. Two merchants soon came by. They purchased nothing, but as they walked away Ali Cogia heard one of them say to the other: —

"If this merchant knew what profit these goods would bring him at Cairo, he would carry them thither and not sell them here, though this is a good mart."

Ali Cogia had often heard of the beauties of Egypt, and decided to go to Cairo. This he did, and, with the profits from his sales, went to Damascus. Having once begun to travel it was an easy matter to keep on, and for seven years he went from place to place, even as far as Hindostan. Then he resolved to return to Bagdad.

All this time his friend, with whom he had left

the jar of olives, never thought of him or of them. One evening the merchant was supping with his family when the talk happened to fall upon olives. His wife, wishing to eat some, said she had not tasted any for a long while.

"Now you speak of olives," said the merchant, "you put me in mind of a jar which Ali Cogia left with me seven years ago, when he went to Mecca, putting it himself into my warehouse. What is become of him I know not. When the caravan came back, they told me he was gone to Egypt. Certainly he must be dead by this time, and we may eat the olives if they prove good. Give me a plate and a candle; I will go and fetch some and we will taste them."

"Pray, husband," said his wife, "do not commit so base a deed. They were given to you in trust, and if Ali Cogia should return, as I am sure he will, what will he think of your honor? Besides, the olives must be mouldy after these seven years. I beg you to let them alone."

But the merchant would not listen. When he came to the warehouse and opened the jar, he found the olives mouldy. But, to see if all were mouldy to the bottom, he turned some of them upon the plate, and in shaking the jar some of the gold tumbled out.

Now the merchant loved gold dearly, and, looking deeper into the jar, he saw that only the top had been covered with olives, and that all below it was coin. He put the olives directly back, covered the jar, and returned to his wife.

"Indeed, wife," said he, "you were right, the olives are all mouldy. But I have left them just as I found them, and if Ali Cogia ever does return he will see that they have not been touched."

"I wish that you had not meddled with them at all," said his wife. "God grant that no mischief may come of it."

The merchant spent most of that night thinking how he might take Ali Cogia's gold without any risk of being found out. The next morning he went and bought some olives of that year, took out the old olives with the gold, filled the jar with the new, covered it up, and put it in the place where Ali Cogia left it.

In about a month the traveller arrived at Bagdad. One of the first things he did there was to go to the merchant for his jar of olives, saying he hoped it had not been in the way.

"My dear friend," said the merchant, "your jar has been no trouble to me. There is the key to my warehouse; go and fetch your jar. You will find it where you left it."

When Ali Cogia carried the jar to his inn and turned it over, nothing but olives rolled out of it. He knew not what to think. For some time he neither spoke nor moved. Then, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he exclaimed: "Is it possible that a man whom I took for my friend could be guilty of such baseness?"

Ali Cogia returned at once to the merchant.

"My good friend," said he, "be not surprised to see me come back again so soon. I own the jar of olives to be the one which I put into your warehouse. But with the olives I put into it a thousand pieces of gold, which I do not find. If you had need of them, and have used them in trade, they are at your service till you wish to pay them back. Only give me a written word to say that you will do so."

The merchant, who expected that Ali Cogia would come with this story, was ready with an angry answer: "You left a jar, found it in its place, and took it away. Now you come and ask me for a thousand pieces of gold. I wonder that you do not demand diamonds or pearls. Begone about your business."

The noise of their quarrel drew other merchants to the spot. Ali Cogia, seeing that he gained nothing by talk, left his unfaithful friend. But he warned him that he must appear for trial before the judge,

an officer of the law whose summons must be obeyed by every good Mussulman.

"With all my heart," said the merchant; "we shall soon see who is in the wrong."

Ali Cogia carried the merchant before the judge, where he accused him of stealing a thousand pieces of gold. The judge asked if he had any witnesses. Ali replied that he had none because he had believed the person whom he had trusted with his money to be his friend, and always took him for an honest man. Finding that there were no witnesses, the judge dismissed the prisoner for want of evidence.

II.

Ali Cogia would not let the matter drop so easily. He lost no time in drawing up a petition to the Caliph that he should try the merchant himself. He received an answer that the trial would take place on the next day.

That same evening the Caliph and his Grand Vizier went disguised through the town, as he often did. Hearing a noise as he passed the entrance to a little court, he looked in and saw ten or twelve boys at play in the moonlight. Curious to know what they were doing, he sat down on

a stone bench near by. Soon he heard one of the boys say, "Let us play at judge and court."

The affair of Ali Cogia and the merchant had made a great noise in Bagdad, and the boys took to the game with eagerness. The boy who proposed the game was to be the judge, and he took his seat with much gravity. Then another, as the officer of the court, presented two boys before him — one as Ali Cogia, and the other as the accused merchant.

The pretended judge then asked the pretended Ali Cogia what charge he had to bring against the merchant. After making a low bow, he told his story, and begged the judge to save him the loss of so much money. Then the pretended merchant was called, and made the same defence that the real merchant had made before the real judge. When he finished he offered to take his oath that all he had said was true.

"Not so fast," replied the boy judge; "before you come to your oath, I should be glad to see the jar of olives. Ali Cogia," said he to the boy who acted Ali's part, "Have you brought the jar?"

"No," replied he.

"Then go and fetch it at once," said the other.

The pretended Ali Cogia went and soon returned with the jar, which he declared to be the one he had

left with the merchant, and the merchant was called upon to say that it was the same. When the cover was taken off, the boy who was playing judge said: —

"They are fine olives; let me taste them." Then pretending to eat some, he added: "They are excellent, but I cannot think that olives will keep for seven years and be so good; therefore, send for some olive merchants and let me hear what is their opinion."

Two boys, as olive merchants, then appeared.

"Are you olive merchants?" said the boy judge. "Tell me how long olives will keep fit to eat."

"Sir," replied the two merchants, "let us take what care we may, they will hardly be worth anything the third year; for then they have neither taste nor color."

"If that be so," answered the judge, "look into that jar and tell me how long it is since those olives were put into it."

The two merchants pretended to examine and taste the olives, and told the judge they were new and good.

"You are wrong," said the young judge. "Ali Cogia says he put them into the jar seven years ago."

"Sir," replied the merchants, "we can assure you they are of this year's growth, and we will maintain

that there is not a merchant in Bagdad who will not say the same."

The pretended merchant would have objected to this evidence, but the young judge would not hear him.

"Hold your tongue," said he, "you are a rogue. Let him be hanged."

The boys ended their play, clapping their hands with great joy, and leading the feigned criminal away to prison.

Words cannot express how much the Caliph admired the cleverness and sense of the boy who had passed so just a sentence in an affair which was to be pleaded before himself the next day.

"Take notice of this house," he said to the Grand Vizier, "and bring the boy to me to-morrow, that he may try this cause in my presence. Also order the judge who acquitted the merchant to attend and learn his duty from a child. Take care, likewise, to bid Ali Cogia bring his jar of olives with him, and let two olive merchants be present."

The next day the Vizier went to the house where the Caliph had seen the boys at play, and asked for the master. But as he was away from home, his wife appeared, thickly veiled. The Vizier asked if she had any children. She answered that she had three, and called them. The eldest declared himself

to be the one who had played the judge the night before.

"Then, my lad," said the Vizier, "come with me; the Commander of the Faithful wants you."

The mother was alarmed, and asked on what account the Caliph wanted him. The Grand Vizier encouraged her, and promised that her son should return in less than an hour. But before she let him go, she dressed him as she thought he should be dressed to appear before the Caliph.

When the Vizier and the boy reached the court, the Caliph saw that the lad was much abashed, and, to set him at his ease, said: "Come to me, child, and tell me if it was you that judged between Ali Cogia and the merchant. I heard the trial, and am very well pleased with you."

The boy answered modestly that it was he.

"Well, my son," replied the Caliph, "come and sit down by me, and you shall see the true Ali Cogia and the true merchant."

The Caliph then took him by the hand and seated him on the throne by his side, and asked for the two merchants. When they had come forward and bowed their heads to the carpet, he said to them, "Each of you may plead your cause before this child, who will hear and do you justice; and if he should be at a loss, I will assist him."

Ali Cogia and the merchant pleaded one after the other. But when the merchant offered to take his oath, as before, the child said, "It is too soon; it is proper that we should see the jar of olives."

At these words, Ali Cogia presented the jar, placed it at the Caliph's feet, and opened it. The Caliph looked at the olives, took one, and tasted it, giving another to the boy. Then the merchants were called and reported the olives good, and of that year. The boy told them that Ali Cogia declared it was seven years since he had put them up. They made the same answer as the children who had acted their parts the night before.

Though the unhappy man who was accused saw that his case was lost, he tried to say something in his defence. But the child, instead of ordering him to be punished, looked at the Caliph, and said: "Commander of the Faithful, this is no jesting matter. It is your majesty that must condemn him, and not I, though I did it yesterday in play."

The Caliph, quite sure now of the merchant's crime, delivered him into the hands of the ministers of justice. He then confessed where he had concealed the thousand pieces of gold, which were soon restored to Ali Cogia.

The just monarch, turning to the judge who had just let the merchant go free, bade him learn of that

ALI COGIA AND THE MERCHANT

child how to do his duty with greater care, and, embracing the boy, sent him home with a purse of a hundred pieces of gold.

pil'grim age, a journey to a sacred place.
mart, market.
wit'ness, a person who has seen or known something.
main tain', to keep saying; to support by reasons.
ev'i dence, proof.
pe ti'tion, a written request.
ca'liph, the title of a ruler.
viz'ier, a high officer.
dis guised', changed in appearance.
grav'i ty, soberness.
feigned, made believe; pretended.
sen'tence, judgment.
ac quit'ted, set free; declared guiltless.
a bashed', ashamed.

The story of Ali Cogia (ä'lē kō'gyä) is from "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," a famous series of tales that gave pleasure to a Sultan of the East for a thousand and one nights.

LIGHT.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON is an English poet.

WINTER RAIN.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

"If came the winter never,
We ne'er should love the spring."

Every valley drinks,
Every dell and hollow:
Where the kind rain sinks and sinks,
Green of Spring will follow.

Yet a lapse of weeks,
Buds will burst their edges,
Strip their wool-coats, glue-coats, streaks,
In the woods and hedges;

Weave a bower of love
For birds to meet each other,
Weave a canopy above
Nest and egg and mother.

But for fattening rain
We should have no flowers,
Never a bud or leaf again
But for soaking showers;

Never a mated bird
In the rocking tree-tops,
Never indeed a flock or herd
To graze upon the lea-crops.

We should find no moss
In the shadiest places,
Find no waving meadow-grass
Pied with broad-eyed daisies:

But miles of barren sand,
With never a son or daughter,
Not a lily on the land,
Or lily on the water.

lapse, a passing away. | **can'o py,** covering. | **pied,** spotted.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI (1830–1894) was an English author who has written many sweet and tuneful poems for young people.

NESTS.

JOHN RUSKIN.

MAKE yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts! None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.

A STORY OF THE SPRINGTIME.

GRACE H. KUPFER.

In the blue Mediterranean Sea, which washes the southern shore of Europe, lies the beautiful island of Sicily. Long, long ago, there lived on this island a goddess named Ceres (Ce′rez). She had power to make the earth yield plentiful crops of grain, or to leave it barren; and on her depended the food, and therefore the life, of all the people on the great, wide earth.

Ceres had one fair young daughter, whom she loved very dearly. And no wonder, for Proserpine (Pros′er pĭn) was the sunniest, happiest girl you could imagine.

Her face was all white and pink, like apple blossoms in spring, and there was just enough blue in her eyes to give you a glimpse of an April morning sky. Her long, golden curls reminded you of the bright sunlight. In fact, there was something so young and fair and tender about the maiden that, if you could imagine anything so strange as the whole springtime, with all its loveliness, changed into a human being, you would have looked but an instant at Proserpine and said, "She is the spring."

Proserpine spent the long, happy days in the

fields, helping her mother, or dancing and singing among the flowers, with her young companions.

Down under the earth, in the land of the dead, lived dark King Pluto. The days were very lonely for him with only shadows for company. Often and often he had tried to urge some goddess to come and share his gloomy throne; but not the richest jewels or wealth could tempt any one of them to leave the bright sunlight above and dwell in the land of shades.

One day Pluto came up to earth and was driving along in his swift chariot, when, behind some bushes, he heard such merry voices and musical laughter that he drew rein, and, stepping down, parted the bushes to see who was on the other side. There he saw Proserpine standing in the centre of a ring of laughing young girls who were pelting her with flowers.

The stern old king felt his heart beat more quickly at sight of all these lovely maidens, and he singled out Proserpine, and said to himself, "She shall be my queen. That fair face can make even dark Hades light and beautiful." But he knew it would be useless to ask the girl for her consent; so, with a bold stride, he stepped into the midst of the happy circle.

The young girls, frightened at his dark, stern

face, fled to right and left. But Pluto grasped Proserpine by the arm and carried her to his chariot, and then the horses flew along the ground, leaving Proserpine's startled companions far behind.

King Pluto knew that he must hasten away with his prize, lest Ceres should discover her loss; and, to keep out of her path, he drove his chariot a roundabout way. He came to a river; but as he neared its banks, it suddenly began to bubble and swell and rage, so that Pluto did not dare to drive through its waters. To go back by another way would mean great loss of time; so with his sceptre he struck the ground thrice. It opened, and, in an instant, horses, chariot, and all, plunged into the darkness below.

But Proserpine knew that the nymph of the stream had recognized her, and had tried to save her by making the waters of the stream rise. So, just as the ground was closing over her, the girl seized her girdle and threw it far out into the river. She hoped that in some way the girdle might reach Ceres and help her to find her lost daughter.

In the evening Ceres returned to her home; but her daughter, who usually came running to meet her, was nowhere to be seen. Ceres searched for her in all the rooms, but they were empty. Then

she lighted a great torch from the fires of a volcano, and went wandering among the fields, looking for her child. When morning broke, and she had found no trace of Proserpine, her grief was terrible to see.

On that sad day, Ceres began a long, long wandering. Over land and sea she journeyed, bearing in her right hand the torch which had been kindled in the fiery volcano.

All her duties were neglected, and everywhere the crops failed, and the ground was barren and dry. Want and famine took the place of wealth and plenty throughout the world. It seemed as though the great earth grieved with the mother for the loss of beautiful Proserpine.

When the starving people came to Ceres and begged her to resume her duties and to be their friend again, Ceres lifted her great eyes, wearied with endless seeking, and answered that until Proserpine was found, she could think only of her child, and could not care for the neglected earth. So all the people cried aloud to Jupiter that he should bring Proserpine back to her mother, for they were sadly in need of great Ceres' help.

At last, after wandering over all the earth in her fruitless search, Ceres returned to Sicily. One day, as she was passing a river, suddenly a little swell of water carried something to her feet. Stooping to

see what it was, she picked up the girdle which Proserpine had long ago thrown to the water-nymph.

While she was looking at it, with tears in her eyes, she heard a fountain near her bubbling louder and louder, until at last it seemed to speak. And this is what it said: —

"I am the nymph of the fountain, and I come from the inmost parts of the earth, O Ceres, great mother! There I saw your daughter seated on a throne at the dark king's side. But in spite of her splendor, her cheeks were pale and her eyes were heavy with weeping. I can stay no longer now, O Ceres, for I must leap into the sunshine. The bright sky calls me, and I must hasten away."

Then Ceres arose and went to Jupiter and said, "I have found the place where my daughter is hidden. Give her back to me, and the earth shall once more be fruitful, and the people shall have food."

Jupiter was moved, both by the mother's sorrow and by the prayers of the people on earth; and he said that Proserpine might return to her home if she had tasted no food while in Pluto's kingdom.

So the happy mother hastened down into Hades. But alas! that very day Proserpine had eaten six pomegranate seeds; and for every one of those

seeds she was doomed each year to spend a month underground.

For six months of the year Ceres is happy with her daughter. At Proserpine's coming, flowers bloom and birds sing and the earth everywhere smiles its welcome to its young queen.

Some people say that Proserpine really is the springtime, and that while she is with us all the earth seems fair and beautiful. But when the time comes for Proserpine to rejoin King Pluto in his dark home underground, Ceres hides herself and grieves through all the weary months until her daughter's return.

Then the earth, too, is sombre and sad. The leaves fall to the ground, as though the trees were weeping for the loss of the fair, young queen; and the flowers hide underground, until the eager step of the maiden, returning to earth, awakens all nature from its winter sleep.

scep'tre, a staff carried by a king to show his power to rule.
rec'og nize, to know again.
Ju'pi ter, the great king of all the gods.
char'i ot, a grand carriage, with two wheels.
nymph, a goddess of the forests or waters.
pome'gran ate, a kind of fruit, shaped like an orange, but having a hard rind, red pulp, and many large seeds.
som'bre, dull; gloomy.

GRACE H. KUPFER is an American writer of stories for children.

Manners often make fortunes.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the only coins consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities, instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings.

The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts, by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had been worn at courts — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers — who were little better than pirates — had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

When all this old and new silver had been melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called

pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box, were overflowing with pine-tree shillings.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter — whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey — was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself.

With this round, rosy Miss Betsey, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a

member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. "Yes; you may take her," said he, in his rough way; "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding-day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat, and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridemaids, and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about

BETSY SEWELL IN THE SCALES

her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales." Miss Betsey — or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither." The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury.

But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver."

bar'ter, to exchange one thing for another.
com mod'i ties, things bought and sold.
far'thing, the fourth of a penny.
spe'cie, coin.
sal'a ry, wages by the month or year.
quin'tal, a hundred pounds.
mint, a place where money is coined.
cur'rent, passing from person to person.
tank'ards, large drinking cups.
bul'lion, gold or silver in mass, before it is coined.
buc ca neer', a robber upon the sea.
en ti'tled, had the right to take.
small clothes, knee breeches.
per'son a ble, of good appearance.
re cep'ta cle, that which is used to contain something.
por'tion, money or other wealth given to a young woman on her wedding day.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, one of the greatest American authors, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1804, and died in Plymouth, N.H., in 1864. His "Tanglewood Tales," "Wonder Book," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "Twice Told Tales," and "House of the Seven Gables" are read to-day with more appreciation than ever.

LITTLE AND GREAT.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A TRAVELLER, through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again — and lo! the well,

By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old — and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small — its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill.
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!

Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

dor'mouse, a small animal, somewhat like a squirrel.
gen'ial, kind; willing.
ran'dom, chance.
mon'i to ry, giving warning.
tu'mult, noisy confusion.
tran'si to ry, lasting for only a short time.

CHARLES MACKAY (1814–1889) was a Scotch writer, many of whose poems teach a wholesome lesson.

JOHN RIDD AND LORNA DOONE.

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE.

I.

WHEN I was turned fourteen years old, it happened to me without choice, I may say, to explore the Bagworthy water. And it came about in this wise: —

My mother had long been ailing, and not well able to eat much. Now I chanced to remember that once at the time of the holidays I had brought dear mother from Tiverton a jar of pickled loaches, caught by myself, and baked in the kitchen oven, with vinegar, a few leaves of bay, and about a dozen peppercorns. And mother had said that in all her life she had never tasted anything fit to be compared with them. I now resolved to get some

loaches for her, and do them in the selfsame manner, just to make her eat a bit.

Being resolved to catch some loaches, whatever trouble it cost me, I set forth without a word to any one, in the forenoon of St. Valentine's day.

I never could forget that day, and how bitter cold the water was. For I doffed my shoes and hose, and put them into a bag about my neck, left my little coat at home, and tied my shirt-sleeves back to my shoulders. Then I took a three-pronged fork firmly bound to a rod with cord, and a piece of canvas kerchief with a lump of bread inside it; and so went into the pebbly water, trying to think how warm it was.

For more than a mile all down the Lynn stream, scarcely a stone I left unturned, being thoroughly skilled in the tricks of the loach, and knowing how he hides himself. For, being gray-spotted, and clear to see through, he will stay quite still where a streak of weed is in the rapid water, hoping to be overlooked, not caring even to wag his tail. Then, being disturbed, he flips away.

When I had travelled two miles or so, suddenly, in an open space, where meadows spread about it, I found a good stream flowing softly into the body of our brook. Hereupon I drew up and thought, because the water was bitter cold, and my little toes

were aching. So on the bank I rubbed them well with a sprout of young sting-nettle, and having skipped about awhile, was inclined to eat a bit.

I sat there munching a crust of sweet brown-bread, and a bit of cold bacon along with it, and kicking my little red heels against the dry loam to keep them warm. It seemed a sad business to go back now and tell Annie there were no loaches; and yet it was a frightful thing, knowing what I did of it, to venture, where no grown man durst, up the Bagworthy water.

However, as I ate more and more, my spirit arose within me, and I thought of what my father had been, and how he had told me a hundred times never to be a coward. And then I grew warm, and my little heart was ashamed of its pit-a-patting, and I said to myself, "Now, if father looks, he shall see that I obey him." So I put the bag around my neck again, and buckled my breeches far up from the knee, expecting deeper water, and crossing the Lynn, went stoutly up under the branches which hang so dark on the Bagworthy river.

Here, on the whole, I had very comely sport of loaches, trout, and minnows, forking some, and tickling some, and driving others to shallow nooks, whence I could bail them ashore. Now, if you have ever been fishing, you will not wonder that I was

led on, forgetting all about danger, and taking no heed of the time, but shouting in a childish way whenever I caught a "whacker" (as we called a big fish at Tiverton).

Now the day was falling fast behind the brown of the hilltops; and the trees, being void of leaf and hard, seemed giants ready to beat me. Every moment, as the sky was clearing up for a white frost, the cold of the water got worse and worse, until I was fit to cry with it. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, whitened with snow (as I thought) at the sides, till I saw it was only foam-froth.

Though I could swim with great ease and comfort, and feared no depth of water, when I could fairly come to it, yet I had no desire to go over head and ears into this great pool, being so cramped, and weary, and cold.

But soon I saw the reason of the stir and depth of that great pit, as well as of the roaring sound which long had made me wonder. For skirting round one side, with very little comfort, because the rocks were high and steep, and the ledge at the foot so narrow, I came to a sudden sight and marvel, such as I never dreamed of. For, lo! I stood at the foot of a long, pale slide of water, coming smoothly to me, without any break or hindrance, for

a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer, and straight, and shining. The water neither ran nor fell, nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it, as if it had been combed or planed, and looking like a plank laid down a deep, black staircase.

The look of this place had a sad effect, scaring me very greatly, and making me feel that I would give something only to be at home again, with Annie cooking my supper, and our dog, Watch, sniffing upward. But nothing would come of wishing; that I had found out long ago.

Then said I to myself, "John Ridd, these trees, and pools, and lonesome rocks, and setting of the sunlight, are making a coward of thee. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?"

But I am free to own that it was not any fine sense of shame which settled my decision. That which saved me from turning back was a strange desire. In a word, I would risk a great deal to know what made the water come down like that, and what there was at the top of it.

Then I tied my fish around my neck more tightly, and, not stopping to look much, crawled along over the fork of rocks, where the water had scooped the stone out, and softly let my feet into the dip and rush of the torrent.

Here I had reckoned without my host. I nearly went down into the great, black pool, and would never have been heard of more; and this must have been the end of me, except for my trusty loach-fork. For the green waves came down upon me, and my legs were gone off in a moment, and I had not time to cry out with wonder, only to think of my mother and Annie. But all in a moment, before I knew aught, except that I must die out of the way, with a roar of water upon me, my fork stuck fast in the rock, and I was borne up upon it.

I gathered my legs back slowly, as if they were fish to be landed, stopping whenever the water flew too strongly off my shin-bones. In this manner I won a footing, leaning well forward like a draught-horse, and balancing on my strength, as it were, with the ashen stake set behind me. Then I said to myself, "John Ridd, the sooner you get yourself out by the way you came, the better it will be for you."

But to my great fright I saw that no choice was left me now. I must climb somehow up that hill of water. If I could not, I must be washed down into the pool and whirl about till it drowned me.

Having said the Lord's Prayer (which was all I knew), and made a very bad job of it, I grasped the good loach-stick under a knot, and steadied me

with my left hand, and so began my course up the fearful torrent-way. To me it seemed half a mile, at least, of sliding water above me, but in truth it was little more than a furlong, as I came to know afterward.

The water was only six inches deep, or from that to nine at the utmost, and all the way up I could see my feet looking white in the gloom of the hollow, and here and there I found a resting-place, to hold on by the cliff and pant a while.

How I went carefully, step by step, keeping my arms in front of me, and never daring to straighten my knees, is more than I can tell clearly. Only the greatest danger of all was just where I saw none, but ran up a patch of black ooze-weed in a very boastful manner being now not far from the summit. Here I fell and was like to have broken my knee cap. While I was nursing the bruised leg, the cramp got into the other. For a while I could only roar till my mouth was full of water and all of my body sliding. But my elbow caught in a rock hole and I managed to start again.

Now, being in sore fright, because I was so near the top, I labored hard, with both legs and arms going like a mill, and grunting. The world grew green and gliddery, and I durst not look behind me. Then I made up my mind to die at last; for

so my legs would ache no more, and my breath not pain my heart so; only it did seem such a pity, after fighting so long, to give in, and the light was coming upon me, and again I fought toward it. Then suddenly I felt fresh air and fell into it headlong.

II.

When I came to myself again, my hands were full of young grass and mould, and a little girl kneeling at my side was rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock-leaf and a handkerchief.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her. "Now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me. Neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder.

Thereupon I sat upright, with my little trident still in one hand, and was much afraid to speak to her, being conscious of my country brogue, lest she should cease to like me. But she clapped her hands, and made a trifling dance around my back, and came to me on the other side, as if I were a great plaything.

"What is your name?" she said, as if she had every right to ask me; "and how did you come here, and what are these wet things in this great bag?"

"You had better let them alone," I said. "They are loaches for my mother. But I will give you some, if you like."

"Dear me, how much you think of them! Why, they are only fish. But how your feet are bleeding! Oh, I must tie them up for you. And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this. "We are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose; and here my shoes and stockings be."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet; and I cannot bear to see your feet. Oh, please let me manage them. I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied. "I shall put some goose-grease on them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered, in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes. "If you please, my name is Lorna Doone. I thought you must have known it."

JOHN AND LORNA

Then I stood up and touched her hand, and tried to make her look at me; but she only turned away the more. Young and harmless as she was, her name alone made guilt of her. Nevertheless, I could not help looking at her tenderly, and the more when her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother; only don't be angry with me."

I, for my part, being vexed at her behavior to me, took up all my things to go, and made a fuss about it, to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back at all, as I had been sure she would do; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, and it looked as dark as pitch. So at the mouth I turned round again, and came back to her, and said, "Lorna."

"Oh, I thought you were gone," she answered. "Why did you ever come here? Do you know what they would do to us, if they found you here with me?"

"Beat us, I dare say, very hard, or me at least. They could never beat you."

"No. They would kill us both outright, and bury us here by the water."

"But what should they kill me for?"

"Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now, please to go; oh, please to go. They will kill us both in a moment. Yes, I like you very much"—for I was teasing her to say it—"very much indeed, and I will call you John Ridd, if you like. Only please to go, John. And when your feet are well, you know, you can come and tell me how they are."

"But I tell you, Lorna, I like you very much indeed, nearly as much as Annie, and a great deal more than Lizzie. And I never saw any one like you; and I must come back again to-morrow, and so must you, to see me; and I will bring you such lots of things—there are apples still, and a thrush I caught with only one leg broken, and our dog has just had puppies, and—"

"Oh, dear! they won't let me have a dog. There is not a dog in the valley. They say they are such noisy things—"

"Hush!" A shout came down the valley. Lorna's face went from pleasant play to terror. She shrank to me, and looked up at me. I at once made up my mind to save her or to die with her.

"Come with me down the waterfall. I can carry you easily; and mother will take care of you."

"No, no," she cried, as I took her up. "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole — that hole there?"

She pointed to a little niche in the rock which bordered the meadow, about fifty yards away from us.

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look, look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it. They would kill me if I told it. Oh, here they come; I can see them."

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and she looked at the water and then at me, and she cried, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" And then she began to sob, but I drew her behind the bushes, and close down to the water, where it was quiet and shelving deep. Here they could not see either of us from the upper valley, and might have sought a long time for us, even when they came quite near, if the trees had been clad in their summer clothes. Luckily, I had picked up my fish and taken my three-pronged fork away.

Crouching in that hollow nest, I saw a dozen fierce men come down, on the other side of the water, not bearing any firearm, but looking lax and jovial, as if they were come from riding.

"Queen, Queen!" they were shouting, here and there, and now and then. "Where is our little queen gone?"

"They always call me 'Queen,' and I am to be queen by and by," Lorna whispered to me. "Oh, they are crossing by the timber there, and then they are sure to see us."

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

"To be sure, yes, away in the meadow there. But how bitter cold it will be for you!"

She saw in a moment the way to do it, sooner than I could tell her; and there was no time to lose.

"Now mind you never come again," she whispered over her shoulder, as she crept away with a childish twist.

Daring scarce to peep, I crept into the water, and lay down bodily in it, with my head between two blocks of stone, and some flood-drift combing over me. The dusk was deepening between the hills, and a white mist lay on the river. But I could see every ripple, and twig, and rush, and glazing of the twilight above it, as bright as in a picture, so that there seemed to me no chance but that the men must find me. All this time they were shouting, until the rocks all round the valley rang.

Lorna was lying beneath a rock, thirty or forty

yards from me, feigning to be fast asleep, with her dress spread beautifully, and her hair drawn over her.

At last one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her; and there he stopped and gazed a while at her. Then he caught her up in his arms, and kissed her so that I heard him.

"Here our queen is! Here's the queen; here's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades; "fast asleep! Now I have first claim to her; and no one else shall touch the child. Back, all of you!"

He set her little form upon his great square shoulder, and her narrow feet in one broad hand; and so in triumph marched away, with the purple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard and the silken length of her hair fetched out, like a cloud by the wind, behind her.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna, riding still with the largest and most fierce of them, turned and put up a hand to me, and I put up a hand to her, in the thick of the mist and the willows.

I crept into a bush for warmth, and rubbed my shivering legs on bark, and longed for mother's fagot. Then as daylight sank, I knew that now must be my time to get away if there were any. So I managed to crawl from the bank to the niche in the cliff which Lorna had shown me.

Through the dusk I had trouble to see the opening, at even five yards of distance. But I entered well, and held on by some dead fern stems, and did hope that no one would shoot me.

But my joy was like to have ended in sad grief both to myself and my mother. For, hearing a noise in front of me, and like a coward not knowing where, but afraid to turn round or think of it, I felt myself going down some deep passage into a pit of darkness. Then, without knowing how, I was leaning over the night of water.

But suddenly a robin sang (as they will do after dark, toward spring) in the brown fern and ivy behind me. I took it for our little Annie's voice (for she could call any robin) and gathering quick, warm comfort, sprang up the steep way toward the starlight. Climbing back, as the stones glided down, I heard the greedy waves go lapping, like a blind, black dog, in the hollow depths of darkness.

loach, a small fish of Europe.
pep'per corn, a dried berry of the black pepper.
void, lacking; without.
doff, take off; *do off*.
draught'-horse (draft), a horse used for drawing loads.
fur'long, one-eighth of a mile.
glid'dery, slippery.
tri'dent, a staff with three points; here, the fork.
brogue (brōg), peculiar way of pronouncing.
fag'ot, a piece of fire-wood.

Richard Doddridge Blackmore (1825–1900) was an English lawyer and novelist. This extract is from his best-known book, "Lorna Doone."

THE BROOK.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,

For men may come, and men may go.
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;

I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

coot, a waterfowl.
hern, the heron, a wading bird.
bick'er, to move quickly, or with a pattering noise.
thorp, a cluster of houses.
fal'low, land ploughed but not seeded.
gray'ling, a fish something like a trout.
shin'gly, covered with loose gravel.

ALFRED TENNYSON was one of the greatest poets of the last century. He was born in England in 1809, and died in 1892. He was poet-laureate for forty-two years. His verse is noted for its perfect form and melody. "The Idylls of the King," "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and the songs from "The Princess" are among his most famous poems.

WHO PATRIOTS ARE.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

WHO are the patriots in America? No doubt many would answer at once: "The patriots are the men who fought for their country; the men who stood with Warren on Bunker Hill, and with Sumter and Marion and Morgan in the Carolinas; the men who made Cornwallis surrender at Yorktown; all the soldiers and sailors who gave their lives for duty in the time of the Civil War."

"Yes," some would say, "the men who rode with Custer on the plains of the far West, Dewey and his men at Manila, all these were patriots."

There is something wrong in thinking that patriots must be soldiers and sailors. What shall we say of the women who do not fight? What shall we call Martha Washington, who had to stay at home while her husband was at Valley Forge? What shall we call the thousands of women who sent their brothers and sons to help the cause of liberty? Were not these women as good patriots as their husbands and brothers?

Indeed, the women often had the hardest time. They had to carry on the farms while the men were away; they suffered from anxiety and loneliness. For many a brave woman it would have

been easier to die herself, than to send her boy away to die with wounds or with fever. We must surely call all brave women patriots who love the country well enough to let their husbands and sons go to war for the sake of the flag.

We must not forget a multitude of men who, even in the War of the Revolution and in the great Civil War, were never soldiers or sailors, and yet were patriots. There was Benjamin Franklin, for instance. He did not fight, but who loved America better than he? If it had not been for his services at the French court, no one knows how many years the War of Independence might have lasted.

There was Samuel Adams, — who ever heard of his fighting a battle? But he was as brave and sturdy a patriot as any soldier could be. There was Washington's friend, Robert Morris of Philadelphia, who helped get money to pay the soldiers.

Where, indeed, in the time of war would all the wheat and beef come from to feed the army, and the clothing to keep the men warm, if there were no patriots hard at work on their farms and in their shops? Who shall say that the men at home do not love their country as well as the men who fight in the field? Why is it not good patriotism to work for the country and pay taxes cheerfully for the needs of the government?

We must not forget another set of good patriots in the times of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge. They were the patriot children who were not yet old enough to fight for their country, but who were, nevertheless, perfectly willing to do so if they had been wanted. These patriot boys and girls, all the way from Portland to Savannah, rushed out, you may be sure, whenever a horseman came riding into the village bearing news of the war.

They helped their mothers and sisters while their fathers were away. They were full of gladness, too, when at last the long war was over, and by and by they told to their children the stories that their fathers had told to them, — about the troublous and dreadful years of the war, and the heavy cost that had purchased our liberties.

Were there no patriot boys and girls also on the side that was beaten in the Revolution? Were none of the men patriots who believed it their duty to go into exile rather than to fight against their mother country? Suppose a man is mistaken, or is on the losing side, cannot he still be a patriot, if he truly loves his country?

Surely the courage and chivalry of such men as General Lee and Stonewall Jackson, as well as the heroism and good temper of true men in the North, now help us all to respect one another as fellow-

citizens of a common nation. Let us never forget that men may be earnest patriots, even when we do not happen to agree with them. Who is wise enough or good enough never to make a mistake?

We are on the right track now to find out who patriots are. It was quite a mistake to suppose that patriots must be fighters, or that they must live in a time of war. Through all the history of our country, from the Declaration of Independence to the present year, we have lived most of the time without war. Most of the time we have had only a few soldiers, and we have had very little for them to do. The fact is, we are not a fighting people.

Why should any one want to go to war, and burn towns, and kill men? That is what barbarous people do, but we in America mean to live like civilized men. We do not believe in fighting, unless duty compels us to fight. Who knows but that they are right who say there is *always* a nobler way than to fight?

Do you think now that the millions of Americans who have lived in the times when there was no war, were not just as good patriots as ever lived or fought? To be a patriot is to love one's country; it is to be ready and willing, if need comes, to die for the country, as a good seaman would die to save his ship and his crew.

We think that the seaman should be willing to die, but we do not wish him to die. We wish him to be skilful enough to keep clear of the dangerous ledges, and to live, and to bring his ship safely into port, voyage after voyage. So we do not wish the good citizens to die for their country, but to be just and fair and wise, and to treat the people of other nations as their friends, and so to live nobly for their country. We think that Washington and Grant were as true patriots when the country was at peace as when it was at war.

Yes! To love our country, to work so as to make it strong and rich, to support its government, to obey its laws, to pay fair taxes into its treasury, to treat our fellow-citizens as we like to be treated ourselves, — this is to be good American patriots.

"Ah!" some one may say, "did not the men and women have to be braver in war times than in time of peace?" Let us stamp that as false. What a terrible thing it would be to be brave, if bravery required of us to hurt and kill! Is it not brave to try to save life?

Thousands of brave men are risking their lives every day to help men and to save us all from harm. Brave doctors and nurses go where deadly disease is, and are not afraid to help save the sick. Brave students are trying perilous experiments, so as to

find out better knowledge for us all. Brave engineers on thousands of locomotives are not afraid of sudden death if they can save their passengers from harmful accidents.

Brave sailors are always facing the sea and the storm. Brave firemen stand ready to die to bring little children safely out of burning buildings. Brave boys every summer risk their lives to save their comrades from drowning. Brave fellows hold in check maddened horses and prevent them from running away with women and children. Brave women risk their own lives daily for the sake of others.

Wherever we see a brave man, or woman, or child, there we look for a patriot. Whoever is brave to help others will be brave also for the sake of his country. Never forget it: it is better to be brave to help men than it is to be brave to harm them.

sur ren'der, to yield; to give up power.
in de pend'ence, freedom from the rule of others.
ex'ile, separation from one's home or country.
chiv'al ry, a spirit of courage and courtesy.
treas'ur y, place where money is kept.
ex per'i ments, efforts to prove or discover something, especially in science.

CHARLES FLETCHER DOLE is an American author who has written much to encourage people to become better men and women and to help young people to become good citizens.

HARE-AND-HOUNDS AT RUGBY.

THOMAS HUGHES.

THE only incident worth recording here, however, was the first run at hare-and-hounds. On the last Tuesday but one of the half-year, Tom was passing through the hall after dinner, when he was hailed with shouts from Tadpole and several other boys. They were seated at one of the long tables; the chorus of their shouts was, "Come and help us tear up scent."

Tom approached the table in obedience to the summons, always ready to help, and found the party engaged in tearing up old newspapers, copy-books, and magazines, into small pieces, with which they were filling four large canvas bags.

"It's the turn of our house to find scent for Big-side hare-and-hounds," exclaimed Tadpole. "Tear away; there's no time to lose."

"I think it's a great shame," said another small boy, "to have such a hard run for the last day."

"Which run is it?" said Tadpole.

"Oh, the Barby run, I hear," answered the other. "Nine miles at least, and hard ground; no chance of getting in at the finish unless you're a first-rate runner."

"Well, I'm going to have a try," said Tadpole.

"I should like to try, too," said Tom.

"Well, then, leave your waistcoat behind, and listen at the door, after roll-call, and you'll hear where the meet is."

After roll-call, sure enough, there were two boys at the door, calling out, "Big-side hare-and-hounds meet at White Hall." And Tom, having girded himself with leather strap, and left all superfluous clothing behind, set off for White Hall, an old gable-ended house some quarter of a mile from the town, with East, whom he had persuaded to join.

At the meet they found some forty or fifty boys; and Tom felt sure, from having seen many of them run at football, that he and East were more likely to get in than they.

After a few minutes' waiting, two well-known runners, chosen for the hares, buckled on the four bags filled with scent, compared their watches with those of young Brooke and Thorne, and started off at a long, swinging trot across the fields in the direction of Barby.

Then the hounds clustered round Thorne, who explained shortly, "They're to have six minutes' law. We run into the Cock, and every one who comes in within a quarter of an hour of the hares will be counted, if he has been round Barby church."

Then comes a pause of a minute or so, and then the watches are pocketed, and the pack is led through the gateway into the field which the hares had first crossed. Here they break into a trot, scattering over the field to find the first traces of the scent which the hares throw out as they go along.

The old hounds make straight for the likely points, and in a minute a cry of "forward" comes from one of them, and the whole pack quickening their pace make for the spot. The boy who hit the scent first, and the two or three nearest to him, are over the first fence, and making play along the hedgerow in the long grass field beyond.

The rest of the pack rush at the gap already made, and scramble through, jostling one another. "Forward" again, before they are half through; the pace quickens into a sharp run, the tail hounds all straining to get up with the lucky leaders.

They are gallant hares, and the scent lies thick right across another meadow and into a ploughed field, where the pace begins to tell; then over a good hedge with a ditch on the other side, and down a large pasture studded with old thorns, which slopes down to the first brook. The brook is a small one, and the scent lies right ahead up the opposite slope, and as thick as ever. Many a youngster now begins to drag his legs heavily, and

feel his heart beat like a hammer, and those farthest behind think that after all it isn't worth while to keep it up.

Tom, East, and Tadpole had a good start, and are well along for such young hands. After rising the slope and crossing the next field, they find themselves up with the leading hounds, who have overrun the scent and are trying back. They have come a mile and a half in about eleven minutes, a pace which shows that it is the last day. Only about twenty-five of the original starters show here, the rest having already given in. The leaders are busy making casts into the fields on the left and right, and the others get their second winds.

Then comes the cry of "forward" again from young Brooke, at the extreme left, and the pack settles down to work again steadily and doggedly, the whole keeping pretty well together. The scent, though still good, is not so thick. There is no need of that, for in this part of the run every one knows the line which must be taken, and so there are no casts to be made, but good downright running and fencing to be done.

All who are now up mean coming in, and they come to the foot of Barby Hill without losing more than two or three more of the pack. This last straight two miles and a half is always a vantage-

ground for the hounds, and the hares know it well. They are generally viewed on the side of Barby Hill, and all eyes are on the lookout for them to-day. But not a sign of them appears, so now will be the hard work for the hounds, and there is nothing for it but to cast about for the scent, for it is the hares' turn, and they may baffle the pack dreadfully in the next two miles.

Ill fares it now with our youngsters that they follow young Brooke; for he takes the wide casts round to the left, conscious of his own powers, and loving the hard work. However, they struggle after him, sobbing and plunging along, Tom and East pretty close, and Tadpole some thirty yards behind.

Now comes a brook, with stiff clay banks, from which they can hardly drag their legs; and they hear faint cries for help from the wretched Tadpole, who has fairly stuck fast. But they have too little run left in themselves to pull up for their own brothers. Three fields more, and another check, and then "forward" called away to the extreme right.

The two boys' souls die within them. They can never do it. Young Brooke thinks so, too, and says kindly, "You'll cross a lane after next field; keep down it, and you'll hit the Dunchurch-road."

Then he steams away for the run in, in which he's sure to be first, as if he were just starting. They struggle on across the next field, the "forwards" getting fainter and fainter, and then ceasing. The whole hunt is out of ear-shot, and all hope of coming in is over.

"Hang it all!" broke out East, as soon as he had wind enough, pulling off his hat and mopping his face, all spattered with dirt and lined with sweat, from which went up a thick steam into the still, cold air. "I told you how it would be. What a thick I was to come! Here we are dead beat, and pet I know we're close to the run in, if we knew the country."

"Well," said Tom, mopping away, and gulping down his disappointment, "it can't be helped. We did our best, anyhow. Hadn't we better find this lane, and go down it as young Brooke told us?"

"I suppose so — nothing else for it," grunted East. "If ever I go out last day again," growl — growl — growl.

So they turned back slowly and sorrowfully, and found the lane, and went limping down it, plashing in the cold, puddly ruts, and beginning to feel how the run had taken the heart out of them. The evening closed in fast, and clouded over, dark, cold, and dreary.

"I say, it must be locking-up, I should think," remarked East, breaking the silence; "it's so dark."

"What if we're late?" said Tom.

"No tea, and sent up to the Doctor," answered East.

The thought didn't add to their cheerfulness. Presently a faint halloo was heard from an adjoining field. They answered it and stopped, hoping for some competent rustic to guide them, when over a gate some twenty yards ahead crawled the wretched Tadpole, in a state of collapse. He had lost a shoe in the brook, and been groping after it up to his elbows on the stiff, wet clay, and a more miserable creature in the shape of boy seldom has been seen.

The sight of him, notwithstanding, cheered them, for he was some degree more wretched than they. They also cheered him, as he was now no longer under the dread of passing his night alone in the fields. And so in better heart, the three plashed painfully down the never ending lane. At last it widened, just as utter darkness set in, and they came out on to a turnpike road, and there paused bewildered, for they had lost all bearings, and knew not whether to turn to the right or left.

Luckily for them they had not to decide, for lumbering along the road, with one lamp lighted, and

two spavined horses in the shafts, came a heavy coach, which after a moment's suspense they recognized as the Oxford coach, the redoubtable Pig and Whistle.

It lumbered slowly up, and the boys, mustering their last run, caught it as it passed, and began scrambling up behind, in which exploit East missed his footing and fell flat on his nose along the road. Then the others hailed the old scarecrow of a coachman, who pulled up and agreed to take them in for a shilling. So there they sat on the back seat, drubbing with their heels, and their teeth chattering with cold, and jogged into Rugby some forty minutes after locking-up.

in'ci dent, that which takes place.
su per'flu ous, more than is needed.
hedge'row, a row of shrubs along the edge of a field.
col lapse', a breaking down.
re doubt'a ble, to be dreaded.
com'pe tent rus'tic, a countryman who knew the road.

THOMAS HUGHES (1823–1896) was an English lawyer. He was much interested in helping to better the lot of workingmen. His fame as an author is due to his "Tom Brown's School Days," — an account of life at Rugby, one of the great boys' schools of England — and "Tom Brown at Oxford."

The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy.

— DR. THOMAS ARNOLD of Rugby.

THE BLUEBIRD.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

When Nature made the bluebird she wished to make the sky and earth friends. So she gave him the color of the one on his back, and the hue of the other on his breast. She ordered that his appearance in spring should tell that the strife and war between earth and sky was at an end.

He is the peace bringer; in him the earth and sky shake hands and are fast friends. He means the furrow and the warmth; he means all the soft, wooing influences of the spring on the one hand, and the retreating footsteps of winter on the other. In New York and in New England the sap starts up in the sugar-maple the very day the bluebird arrives, and sugar-making begins forthwith.

The bluebird is the first bit of color that cheers our northern landscape. The other birds that arrive about the same time — the sparrow, the robin, the phœbe bird, are clad in neutral tints: gray, brown, or russet; but the bluebird brings one of the primary hues, and the divinest of them all.

The bluebird usually builds its nest in a hole in a stump or stub, or in an old cavity dug out by a woodpecker, when such can be had; but its first

impulse seems to be to start in the world in much more style, and the happy pair make a great show of house-hunting about the farm buildings. Now they think they will take a dove-cot, then they will discuss a last year's swallow's nest.

We hear them announce with much flourish and flutter that they have taken the wren's house, or the tenement of the purple martin. Finally nature becomes too urgent, when all this pretty make-believe ceases. Most of them settle back upon the old family stumps and knot-holes in remote fields and go to work in earnest.

It is very pretty to watch them build a nest. The male is very active in hunting out a place and exploring the boxes and cavities. He seems to have no choice in the matter, and is anxious only to please and encourage his mate — who knows what will do and what will not.

After she has suited herself, away the two go in search of material for the nest. The male acts as guard, flying ahead and above the female. She brings all the material and does all the work of building. He looks on and encourages her with gesture and song. She enters the nest with her bit of dry grass or straw, and having placed it to her notion, withdraws and waits near by while he goes in and looks it over. On coming out he

exclaims very plainly, "Excellent! excellent!" and away the two go again for more material.

neu'tral, dull; of no particular color.
ten'e ment, dwelling.
im'pulse, a prompting to do something.
ur'gent, pressing; calling for immediate attention.
ges'ture, motion of body or limbs.

JOHN BURROUGHS is a most careful observer of nature and a charming writer, whose books upon out-of-door life are deservedly popular.

THE GREENWOOD TREE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

"THE GREENWOOD TREE"

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

It is often said that boys and girls of the present day feel a little nearer to George Washington than used to be the case; that they like him better and are much less afraid of him. The reason for this perhaps is that everybody used to think of him first as General, and afterward as the Father of his Country, so that they could never quite love him as if he were their own father.

All the descriptions made him appear rather grave and stiff, and none of his early biographers let us believe that he could ever laugh. You may read through half a dozen famous biographies of him without ever finding such a thing as laughter mentioned, and it was not until the cheerful Washington Irving wrote his life that so important a fact was really admitted. Even Irving felt obliged to hide it away in small type in a note to one of his pages, but there it forever stands.

It appears that in camp a young officer told a story which the commander-in-chief found so amusing that he not only laughed, but threw himself on the ground and rolled over and over to get to the end of his laughter. Fancy the picture!

The Father of his Country, a man six feet and some inches tall, rolling over and over in the attempt to stop laughing! But the use of the picture is that it has saved for us the human Washington. We once thought of him as a stiff and formal image, or what is called a lay-figure. Now we think of him as a man.

On a wide Virginia plantation, with graceful trees around the house, and brown tobacco fields stretching away into the distance, in the year 1732, George Washington was born. The life in Virginia seems to have been very peaceful and attractive in those early days. Each plantation was a little village in itself, usually standing remote from any other settlement for many miles in both directions. Open house was the order of the day, the Lord of the Manor welcoming with ready hospitality any transient visitor who might be passing.

There were great evils in the system of slavery, as all now agree, but on prosperous and well-managed plantations, men did not see them; and on such plantations the home life was most attractive. The effects of this early mode of living have descended through succeeding generations, and Virginians of the present day are as full of cordial hospitality and pleasant manners as their ancestors; although the whole condition of society among them has changed.

Among such people George Washington grew up. He was always a thoughtful boy, and his straightforward bearing, his honesty and simplicity of manner inspired confidence in those who knew him. Tall and strongly built, and fond of out-door pursuits and athletics as he was, he yet found time for much quiet study and earnest thought. Under a calm and grave appearance, there was an impetuous and fiery temper. Yet from the beginning, he held it so completely in check that we hardly ever hear that his temper got the upper hand of the man. And these few outbreaks were never in his own defence, but from anger at some neglected duty, or wrong done to the country and the people.

From the first public position which Washington held — that of delegate sent out by the Ohio Company to confer with the French on the Indian difficulties — to the time when he took command of the American army, and finally became President of the United States, he never faltered in his trust. There seemed to have been born in him a remarkable faculty for managing men and for taking the lead wherever he went. He had self-reliance and confidence, which, while leaving him a modest opinion of himself and his deeds, made him able to accomplish with ease many things in which those around him had failed, or would have failed if they had tried them.

He was very conscientious and very methodical; qualities not always combined with such promptness and energy as he had. His diaries and account-books show that he was as particular and careful about small affairs as about large ones. We know from his own note-books all that took place on his farm, and all the dangers and excitements of many of his excursions for hunting purposes or in the French and Indian wars.

He was also very quick in separating right from wrong. He was very obedient in childhood, but when he became a man, he thought for himself. For instance, when he was a small boy, he wished, like many other boys, to enter the navy. But he obeyed his mother and remained at home. Later, when he was offered a dangerous position with General Braddock upon his French and Indian campaign, he thought it his duty to go, and went. In just the same way, when the time came, he accepted his appointment to command the Army of the Revolution.

After the first fights at Lexington and Concord, (April 19, 1775), the Continental Congress met and took up the cause of the New England colonists as being that of all the young nation. Washington was the only well-known American who had held military command, and when John Adams proposed that he

should be the commander, everybody was pleased. This was on June 15, 1775, and he took command at Cambridge on July 3. The battle of Bunker Hill had happened in the meantime, and when that took place, Washington had exclaimed "The liberties of America are safe."

But he found his army needing a great deal of preparation for active service. Few of the men had received anything like regular drill, and he himself wrote they had "very little discipline, order, or government." Few had any uniform and many were in their shirt-sleeves. They were always wishing to go home and see their families, as was natural enough. Their guns were of all patterns and sizes, and they had only seven cartridges to a man; and were very poorly supplied with cannon until they captured them from the British. But under Washington's leadership these raw troops at last triumphed; so that the enemy sailed away and evacuated Boston after a siege of about a year.

This was the time which first showed the kind of man that Washington really was; but afterward came a long war, and during a part of this the prospect for the new nation looked very dim, though their leader always kept his courage. At last came an alliance with France and a French army of six thousand men under Rochambeau landed at Newport, Rhode

Island, in 1780; and a year after, on October 19, 1781, the British army under Cornwallis surrendered.

Washington loved his home life at Mount Vernon dearly, and seems to have longed for its peace and quiet all through the war of the Revolution. When that war was over, he was very happy in the thought that he had gone back to Mount Vernon for the remainder of his days. We can plainly see by his letters and journals that he would gladly have escaped being made President. His inauguration was to take place in New York, and as he went thither from his home in Virginia, there were processions and triumphal greetings all the way. The ceremony itself took place on April 30, 1789.

The actual ceremony would seem to us at this day very formal and grand. Many people feared, at that time, that the new government would not command proper respect among the kings and queens of Europe; and they wished, above all things, to have it seem dignified and imposing. When the official name of the President was to be fixed upon, Washington wished to be called by the epithet "His High Mightiness," the words used in Holland, which was then a republic; but Congress rejected the words and gave him the more modest title "His Excellency."

Again, Washington had a "state coach" built, of which the body was shaped like a hemisphere, cream-colored, bordered with flowers around the panels, and ornamented with figures of Cupids holding wreaths of flowers. On great occasions this coach was drawn by six horses, on common occasions by four, and on Sundays by two; the driver and postilions wearing liveries of white and scarlet. In the same spirit, the birthday of the President was celebrated by dinners and public meetings in all large towns, just as the King's birthday was celebrated in England; and on these occasions odes were addressed to the President by the local poets.

All this was approved by most people as adding dignity to the new republic. Others, however, thought there was too much of this, and regarded Washington as too showy and ostentatious. Just as he, when a boy, used to begin his letters to his mother with the words "Honored Madam," instead of "Dear mother," so he approached all public duties in what would now seem a very elaborate and formal way. But the essential fact was that the duties were well done.

As President of the United States, Washington met, like all others, with criticism, just or unjust; but all now admit the purity and elevation of his

spirit and the wisdom of his general policy. After his two terms of office had expired, he had been at Mount Vernon for little more than a year before his quiet was again invaded (July, 1798) by the rumors of an expected war with France, and he was nominated Commander-in-Chief of the forces. He did not believe there would be war, but he accepted the appointment, true to his country to the last. There was no war.

On December 14, 1799, this strong, brave man died at his beloved Mount Vernon, where so few years of his home-loving and peace-loving life had, after all, been spent. Those who float down the Potomac and look up at the fine old house where George Washington died, may well remember the resolutions passed, after his death, by the American Congress, declaring that he was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

bi og'ra pher, one who writes the life of another.
tran'sient, staying only a short time.
im pet'u ous, hasty, rash.
del'e gate, one who acts for others.
con sci en'tious, faithful to duty.
e vac'u ate, to move out from.
in au gu ra'tion, introducing into an office with ceremonies.
ep'i thet, name.
pos til'ion, one who rides a horse that draws a coach.
liv'er y, a uniform worn by servants.
os ten ta'tious, fond of show.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1823. He has written stories and poems, as well as history and biography.

MARCH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon!
There's joy on the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850) was one of the greatest English poets. "Lucy Gray," "We are Seven," "The Pet Lamb," and "Daffodils," are poems that every boy and girl should read.

THE DOG THAT LIED.

JEAN AICARD.

I HAD trusted him fully for a long time — the fact is, we loved each other. He was a shepherd dog, snow-white, with a brown marking on the top of his head. I called him Pierrot (Per'ro'). He may have been the son of a circus dog; at any rate, he could climb trees and ladders, and perform other odd tricks. He was very fond of a little wooden ball about the size of a billiard-ball. One day he brought it to me, and sitting on his haunches said quite plainly: "Throw it away out on the grass. I'll find it, — see if I don't!"

I did as he wanted, and he succeeded perfectly. From that time on he became positively tiresome, for he was forever saying, "Let's have a game of ball!" Every time he had a chance he would come rushing into my study with his ball in his mouth, and standing on his hind legs, with his forepaws thrust into the midst of my papers and open books, he would exclaim: —

"Look, here's the ball! Throw it out of the window, and I will rush after it. It's great fun — see if it isn't! — much more amusing than your old novels and plays and newspapers."

Out the ball would seem to go; out Pierrot would rush, but, poor fellow, only to be deceived. For no sooner was he outside, than the ball would be laid on the table again to serve as a paper-weight. Pierrot, out on the lawn, would look and look, then, coming back under the window, he would cry out:—

"I say there, you literary fellow, this is a little too much! I can't find the ball at all. The fact is, there's nothing there. And if a passer-by hasn't taken it, then you have it, as sure as can be."

He would come upstairs again, poke his nose into my coat pockets, under the furniture, into the half-open drawers, and then, all of a sudden, with the air of a man who is struck with a bright idea, he would say playfully, "I'll wager that's the ball there on the table."

Of course I took good care not to wager with him, for it was in truth the ball. To hide it again I had to be quick, and then good-by to work! Those were lively times. Pierrot would leap after the ball, bound to have it at any cost. He would follow my slightest movements with the most agile counter-motions, all the time on a broad smile—smiling in the only way a dog can; that is to say constantly wagging his tail. Withal he was a good watch-dog, and that's worth a great deal in the country.

He often made me think of those men changed by magic into dogs, of whom we read in fairy tales. The glance of his eye had a tender, deep, and beseeching quality, which seemed to say humbly: —

"Don't ask too much of me. I am only what you see — a dog with four paws; but my heart is a human heart, a better one, indeed, than most men possess. Adversity has taught me much; I have suffered much. I suffer even at this moment, because I am not able to express to you, in words like your own, my loyalty and affection. Yes, I am devoted to you. I love you with the faithful love of a dog. I would die for you if necessary. Your property is my sacred trust. If anybody meddles with it, let him look out for himself!"

But after all, we quarrelled one day, and it was a bitter disappointment for me. Those who put their trust in dogs will understand my feelings. This is the way it happened.

The cook had killed two pigeons.

"I will serve them with peas," she said to herself.

She went into the storeroom to get a basket into which to put the feathers as she plucked the pigeons. When she came back into the kitchen she cried out in alarm. One of her pigeons was gone, and yet she hadn't been out of the room

more than two seconds. A tramp going by had undoubtedly put his arm through the open window and stolen the bird. She rushed out to capture the tramp. Not a soul to be seen!

Then naturally she thought to herself, "The dog!" But, seized at once with remorse, she thought, "What a shame to suspect Pierrot! He's never stolen a mouthful. Why, he'd stand watch all day over a leg of mutton without smelling of it, even if he were hungry. Moreover, there he is, still in the kitchen, lazily sitting on his haunches, with half-closed eyes, yawning from time to time. No, he's not thinking about my pigeons!"

True enough; there was Pierrot, half dozing, and seeming to have no interest in anything going on about him. I was called.

"Pierrot!"

He turned his sleepy eyes toward me as if saying: "Eh! what did you say, master? I was so comfortable. I was just thinking of the ball."

"I am of your opinion, Catherine — Pierrot did not steal your pigeon. If he had, he would be busy plucking it at the bottom of some ditch or other, you may depend upon it."

"Nevertheless, look at him, sir," said Catherine. "That dog hasn't the look of an honest Christian."

"What! would you say —"

"I say that at this very moment he has a guilty look about him."

"Look at me, Pierrot!" I said sharply. Hanging his head a little, he at once replied, in a somewhat grumbling tone: —

"Would I be quietly sitting here if I had stolen your pigeon? No, certainly not; I should be busy plucking it!"

He was serving me with my own argument. This looked suspicious.

"Look at me," I ordered him; "straight in the face, like this!"

He put on an air of indifference! There was no longer any room for doubt in my mind. I turned sorrowfully to Catherine and said: —

"Ah, what a pity! he is guilty. I am sure of it! It is he!"

I am very serious when I say that what I saw in the eyes of that dog came upon me like a painful shock. I had distinctly seen there a human lie. He had tried to throw a false appearance of sincerity into his look, and had utterly failed. It is even impossible for man to do it. As for Pierrot, he exhausted himself in a vain effort. The deep desire to deceive was, in his very eyes, struggling with the feeble show of sincerity which he succeeded in bringing into play. The unaccomplished

lie was a sadder revelation of his guilt than actual proof. Yet, in order to be blameless in the matter, I wanted absolute evidence.

"Here," I said to the guilty dog, "you may have this," — and I gave him the odd pigeon. He looked at me and said thoughtfully to himself: —

"Hum! This is surprising. I see you suspect me and want to detect me. If not, why now give me a pigeon? Such a thing never happened before!"

He took the pigeon in his mouth, and then slowly put it down on the ground, saying, "I'm at least not a fool."

"But it's yours," I said; "I tell you it's yours. Don't you like pigeons? Then take this one. Besides, I had two of them, and I needed two. I can't do anything with one. I tell you again, this is for you."

I patted him, thinking all the while: "You wretched thief, you have betrayed my confidence as if you were a mean man. You are a poor beast!" adding aloud, "Good old Pierrot, brave old Pierrot, fine fellow!"

On this he decided to accept my gift, picked up the pigeon, rose, and went out slowly, turning his face toward me now and then, as if trying to read my real mind. As soon as he was outside I closed the

door, and looked out through the glass panels on the side to see what he would do.

He took a few steps as if he proposed to go to some out-of-the-way place to eat his prize. Then he stopped, dropped the pigeon on the ground, and thought for a long time. Several times he turned his deceitful eyes toward the door. Then he gave up trying to find an explanation of the case, contented himself with the facts as they were, picked up his pigeon, and walked off. And as he disappeared, his drooping tail, which had expressed timidity and doubt in all its motions during our talk in the kitchen, assumed an air of more self-respect, as if Pierrot was saying: "Bah! Take things as they come! Nobody cares for me! A jolly life's the thing!"

I followed him at a distance, and surprised him in the act of digging a hole in the ground with his paws in a very lively fashion. The pigeon I had given him was lying beside the hole on which he was working. I dug the hole a little deeper and, behold! there was the stolen pigeon skilfully hidden. I was confounded! My good friend Pierrot not only followed the habits of his progenitors, the foxes and wolves, and buried his food, but he followed the habits of civilized life, *and had learned to lie!*

While the dog was watching me I gathered and

tied together some of the largest feathers of my two pigeons, like a small feather duster, and put them on my study table. After that, whenever Pierrot brought me his ball, saying with a frank and open smile, "What! working? Stop and have a game with me!" I would lift the little feather duster, and Pierrot would hang his head, his tail would droop in shame, the ball would fall from his mouth, and he would sadly exclaim, "Will you never forgive me?"

"You do not love me," I said to him one morning. "No, you do not love me, for you lied to me, and planned to do it."

A kindly voice — whose it was or whence it came I do not know — replied: "Yes, he does love you, my friend, and you still love him sincerely. He has been punished enough by this time. Let bygones be bygones."

I picked up the little feather duster, but this time Pierrot did not seem to fear it. "You see it for the last time," I said; "thus shall the record of your guilt perish!" and I threw the thing into the fire. Pierrot, gravely seated on his haunches, watched it burn. Then, without any burst of emotion, without leaps or bounds, but simply, nobly, he came to lick my hand. A feeling of indescribable happiness filled my heart. It was the happiness of forgiving.

And in a low voice my dog said to me: "I know

what you feel; I know that happiness, too. For how many things have I forgiven you without your knowing it!"

lit'er a ry, learned; reading and writing much.
wa'ger, make a bet.
sin cer'i ty, honesty of mind.
ad ver'si ty, ill fortune; trouble.
re morse', sorrow for doing wrong.
rev e la'tion, a showing or proving.
ab'so lute, complete; perfect.
con found', astonish and puzzle.
e mo'tion, feeling.

JEAN AICARD is a French poet and novelist.

THE OWL.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round;
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

MAGGIE VISITS THE GYPSIES.

GEORGE ELIOT.

I.

THE resolution that gathered in Maggie's mind was not so simple as that of going home. No! she would run away and go to the gypsies, and Tom should never see her any more. That was by no means a new idea to Maggie. She had been so often told she was like a gypsy, and "half wild," that when she was miserable it seemed to her that the only way of escaping would be to live in a little brown tent on the commons. The gypsies, she considered, would gladly receive her, and pay her much respect on account of her superior knowledge.

She had once mentioned her views on this point to Tom, and suggested that he should stain his face brown, and they should run away together. But Tom rejected the scheme with contempt, observing that gypsies were thieves, and hardly got anything to eat, and had nothing to drive but a donkey. To-day, however, Maggie thought her misery had reached a pitch at which gypsydom was her only refuge, and she rose from her seat on the roots of the tree with the sense that this

was a great crisis in her life. She would run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies; and cruel Tom, and the rest of her relations who found fault with her, should never see her any more.

She thought of her father as she ran along, but determined that she would secretly send him a letter by a small gypsy, who would run away without telling where she was, and just let him know that she was well and happy and always loved him very much.

Maggie soon got out of breath with running, but by the time Tom got to the pond again she was at the distance of three long fields, and was on the edge of the lane leading to the highroad. She stopped to pant a little, thinking that running away was not a pleasant thing until one had come quite to the common where the gypsies were.

But she was soon aware that there were two men coming along the lane in front of her. She had not thought of meeting strangers, — she had been too much occupied with the idea of her friends coming after her. The strangers were two shabby-looking men with flushed faces, one of them carrying a bundle on a stick over his shoulder. But to her surprise the man with the bundle stopped,

and in a half-whining, half-coaxing tone asked her if she had a copper to give a poor man.

Maggie had a sixpence in her pocket, which she immediately drew out and gave this poor man with a polite smile, hoping he would feel very kindly toward her as a generous person. "That's the only money I have," she said. "Thank you, little miss," said the man, in a less respectful and grateful tone than Maggie expected, and she even observed that he smiled and winked at his companion.

She walked on hurriedly, but was aware that the two men were standing still, probably to look after her, and she presently heard them laughing loudly. Suddenly it occurred to her that they might think she was an idiot. Tom had said that her cropped hair made her look like an idiot, and it was too painful an idea to be readily forgotten.

She was used to wandering about the fields by herself and was less timid there than on the highroad. Sometimes she had to climb over high gates, but that was a small evil. She was getting out of reach very fast, and she should probably soon come within sight of Dunlow Common, or at least of some other common, for she had heard her father say that you couldn't go very far without coming to a common. She hoped so, for she was getting

rather tired and hungry, and until she reached the gypsies there was no prospect of bread and butter.

It seemed to her that she had been walking a very great distance indeed, and it was really surprising that the common did not come within sight. At last, however, the green fields came to an end, and Maggie found herself looking through the bars of a gate into a lane with a wide margin of grass on each side of it. She had never seen so wide a lane before, and, without her knowing why, it made her think that the common could not be far off. Perhaps it was because she saw a donkey with a log to his foot feeding on the grassy margin, for she had seen a donkey fastened in that same way on Dunlow Common when she had been across it in her father's gig.

She crept through the bars and walked on with new spirit, though not without haunting fears of Apollyon, and a highwayman with a pistol, and a blinking dwarf in yellow with a mouth from ear to ear, and other dangers. She had rushed into the adventure of seeking her unknown kindred, the gypsies; and now she was in this strange lane, she hardly dared look on one side of her, lest she should see some dreadful thing.

It was not without a leaping of the heart that she

caught sight of a small pair of bare legs sticking up, feet uppermost, by the side of a hillock. She was too much startled at the first glance to see the ragged clothes and the dark, shaggy head attached to them. It was a boy asleep, and Maggie trotted along faster and more lightly, lest she should wake him. It did not occur to her that he was one of her friends the gypsies, who probably would have very kindly manners. But the fact was so, for at the next bend in the lane Maggie really saw the little black tent with the blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her refuge.

She even saw a tall female figure by the column of smoke, doubtless the gypsy mother, who provided the tea and other groceries. It was astonishing to herself that she did not feel more delighted. But it was startling to find the gypsies in a lane, after all, and not on a common; indeed, it was rather disappointing. She went on, however, and thought with some comfort that gypsies most likely knew nothing about idiots, so there was no danger of their falling into the mistake of setting her down at the first glance as an idiot.

It was plain she had attracted attention. For the tall figure, who proved to be a young woman with a baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her. Maggie looked up in the new face rather tremblingly as

it approached, and thought that her aunt and the rest were right when they called her a gypsy. For this face, with the bright dark eyes and the long hair, was really something like what she used to see in the glass before she cut her hair off.

"My little lady, where are you going?" the gypsy said, in a coaxing tone.

It was delightful, and just what Maggie expected. The gypsies saw at once that she was a little lady, and were prepared to treat her accordingly.

"Not any farther," said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream. "I'm coming to stay with *you*, please."

"That's pretty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure!" said the gypsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, but wished she had not been so dirty.

There was quite a group round the fire when they reached it. An old gypsy woman was seated on the ground nursing her knees, and poking a skewer into the round kettle that sent forth an odorous steam. Two small shock-headed children were lying prone and resting on their elbows. And a placid donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who, lying on her back, was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of excellent stolen hay.

The slanting sunlight fell kindly upon them, and

the scene was really very pretty and comfortable, Maggie thought, only she hoped they would soon set out the tea-cups.

At last the old woman said, "What! my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us? Sit down and tell us where you come from."

It was just like a story. Maggie liked to be called pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down, and said: —

"I'm come from home because I'm unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I'll live with you if you like, and I can teach you a great many things."

"Such a clever little lady," said the woman with the baby, sitting down by Maggie, and allowing the baby to crawl. "And such a pretty bonnet and frock," she added, taking off Maggie's bonnet, and looking at it while she made a remark to the old woman, in an unknown language. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head hind-foremost, with a grin. But Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this subject.

"I don't want to wear a bonnet," she said, "I'd rather wear a red handkerchief, like yours" (looking at her friend by her side).

"Oh, what a nice little lady! — and rich, I'm sure," said the old woman. "Didn't you live in a beautiful house at home?"

"Yes, my home is pretty, and I'm very fond of the river, where we go fishing, but I'm often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books, I've read them so many times, and that will amuse you. And I can tell you something about geography, too, — that's about the world we live in, — very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?"

Maggie's eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks to flush, — she was really beginning to instruct the gypsies, and gaining great influence over them. The gypsies themselves were not without amazement at this talk, though their attention was divided by the contents of Maggie's pocket, which the friend at her right hand had by this time emptied without attracting her notice.

"Is that where you live, my little lady?" said the old woman, at the mention of Columbus.

"Oh, no!" said Maggie, with some pity. "Columbus was a very wonderful man, who found out half the world, and they put chains on him and treated him very badly, you know. It's in my geography, but perhaps it's rather too long to tell before tea — I want my tea so." The last words burst from Maggie, in spite of herself.

"Why, she's hungry, poor little lady," said the younger woman. "Give her some of the cold victual. You've been walking a good way, I'll be bound, my dear. Where's your home?"

"It's Dorlcote Mill, a long way off," said Maggie. "My father is Mr. Tulliver, but we mustn't let him know where I am, or he will take me home again. Where does the queen of the gypsies live?"

"What! do you want to go to her, my little lady?" said the younger woman. The tall girl, meanwhile, was constantly staring at Maggie and grinning. Her manners were certainly not agreeable.

"No," said Maggie, "I'm only thinking that if she isn't a very good queen you might be glad when she died, and you could choose another. If I were a queen, I'd be a very good queen, and kind to everybody."

"Here's a bit of nice victual, then," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread, which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon.

"Thank you," said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it; "but will you give me some bread and butter and tea, instead? I don't like bacon."

"We've got no tea or butter," said the old woman, with something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

"Oh, a little bread and treacle would do," said Maggie.

"We've got no treacle," said the old woman, crossly.

Then the old woman, seeming to forget Maggie's hunger, poked the skewer into the pot with new vigor, and the younger crept under the tent and reached out some platters and spoons. Maggie trembled a little, and was afraid the tears would come into her eyes. Meanwhile the tall girl gave a shrill cry, and presently the boy came running up whom Maggie had passed as he was sleeping, — a rough lad about the age of Tom. He stared at Maggie, and there ensued much chattering. She felt very lonely, and was quite sure she should begin to cry before long. The gypsies didn't seem to mind her at all, and she felt quite weak among them.

II.

But the springing tears were checked by new terror, when two men came up. The elder of the two carried a bag, which he flung down, addressing the women in a loud and scolding tone, which they answered by a shower of sauciness. A black dog ran barking up to Maggie, and threw her into a tremor that found only a new cause in the curses with which the younger man called the dog off, and

gave him a rap with a great stick he held in his hand.

Maggie felt that it was impossible that she should ever be queen of these people, or even give them amusing and useful knowledge.

Both the men now seemed to be asking about Maggie, for they looked at her. At last the younger woman said in her coaxing tone, "This nice little lady's come to live with us; aren't you glad?"

"Ay, very glad," said the younger man, who was looking at Maggie's silver thimble and other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. He returned them all, except the thimble, to the younger woman, with some remark, and she put them again in Maggie's pocket. The men seated themselves, and began to attack the contents of the kettle, — a stew of meat and potatoes, — which had been taken off the fire and turned out into a yellow platter.

Maggie began to think that Tom must be right about the gypsies; they must certainly be thieves, unless the man meant to return her thimble by and by. She would willingly have given it to him, for she was not at all attached to her thimble. But the idea that she was among thieves prevented her from feeling any comfort. The women saw that she was frightened.

"We've nothing nice for a lady to eat," said the old woman, in her coaxing tone. "And she's so hungry, sweet little lady."

"Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit of this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a brown dish with an iron spoon to Maggie, who remembered that the old woman had seemed angry with her for not liking the bread and bacon, and dared not refuse the stew, though fear had chased away her appetite. If her father would only come by in the gig and take her up!

Her ideas about the gypsies had undergone a rapid change in the last five minutes. She had begun to think that they meant perhaps to kill her as soon as it was dark. It was no use trying to eat the stew, and yet the thing she most dreaded was to offend the gypsies.

"What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear," said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit, come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, trying to smile in a friendly way. "I haven't time, I think; it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now, and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and things."

Maggie rose from her seat; but her hope sank

when the old gypsy woman said, "Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady; we'll take you home, all safe, when we've done supper; you shall ride home, like a lady."

Maggie sat down again, with little faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey, and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

"Now then, little missis," said the younger man, rising, and leading the donkey forward, "tell us where you live; what's the name of the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie, eagerly. "My father is Mr. Tulliver; he lives there."

"What! a big mill a little way this side of St. Ogg's?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please."

"No, no, it'll be getting dark, we must make haste. And the donkey'll carry you as nice as can be; you'll see."

He lifted Maggie as he spoke, and set her on the donkey. She felt relieved that it was not the old man who seemed to be going with her, but she had only a trembling hope that she was really going home.

"Here's your pretty bonnet," said the younger woman, putting it on Maggie's head; "and you'll

MAGGIE GOES BACK HOME

say we've been very good to you, won't you? and what a nice little lady we said you were."

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Maggie, "I'm very much obliged to you. But I wish you'd go with me, too." She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone.

"Ah, you're fondest of me, aren't you?" said the woman. "But I can't go; you'll go too fast for me."

It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him, and no nightmare had ever seemed to her more horrible. When the woman had patted her on the back, and said "Good-by," the donkey set off at a rapid walk along the lane toward the point Maggie had come from an hour ago.

No one was ever more terrified than poor Maggie in this ride on a short-paced donkey, with a gypsy behind her, who considered that he was earning half a crown. The red light of the setting sun seemed to have a dreadful meaning, with which the alarming bray of the second donkey with the log on its foot must surely have some connection. Two low-thatched cottages — the only houses they passed in this lane — seemed to add to its dreariness. They had no windows to speak of, and the doors were closed; it was probable that they were inhab-

ited by witches, and it was a relief to find that the donkey did not stop there.

At last — oh, sight of joy! — this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a broad highroad, where there was actually a coach passing! And there was a finger-post at the corner — she had surely seen that finger-post before — "To St. Ogg's, 2 miles."

The gypsy really meant to take her home, then; he was probably a good man, after all, and might have been rather hurt at the thought that she didn't like coming with him alone. This idea became stronger as she felt more and more certain that she knew the road quite well. She was thinking how she might open a conversation with the injured gypsy, when, as they reached a cross-road, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she cried out. "There's my father! Oh, father, father!"

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her, she was sobbing. Great was Mr. Tulliver's wonder, for he had made a round from Basset, and had not yet been home.

"Why, what's the meaning of this?" he said, checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father's stirrup.

"The little miss lost herself, I reckon," said the gypsy. "She'd come to our tent at the far end of Dunlow Lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was. It's a good way to come after being on the tramp all day."

"Oh, yes, father, he's been very good to bring me home," said Maggie. "A very kind, good man!"

"Here, then, my man," said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. "It's the best day's work you ever did. I couldn't afford to lose the little lass; here, lift her up before me."

"Why, Maggie, how's this, how's this?" he said, as they rode along, while she laid her head against her father and sobbed. "How came you to be rambling about and lose yourself?"

"Oh, father," sobbed Maggie, "I ran away because I was so unhappy. Tom was so angry with me. I couldn't bear it."

"Pooh, pooh," said Mr. Tulliver, soothingly, "you mustn't think of running away from father. What would father do without his little lass?"

"Oh, no, I never will again, father — never."

Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening; and the effect was seen in the fact that Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother or one taunt from Tom about this foolish business of her running away to

the gypsies. Maggie was rather awe-struck by this unusual treatment, and sometimes thought that her conduct had been too wicked to be alluded to.

res o lu'tion, settled purpose.
con tempt,' scorn.
cri'sis, a very important event; a turning point.
A pol'ly on, the wicked destroyer in the book called "The Pilgrim's Progress."
kin'dred, relations.
re hearsed,' repeated beforehand for practice.
skew'er, a long pin for fastening meat.
o'dor ous, having a strong smell.
shock-head'ed, having thick, tumbled hair.
vict'ual (vit'tle), food.
trea'cle, molasses.
en sued', followed.
night'mare, a frightful dream.
taunt, teasing words.
al lud'ed to, mentioned.

Mary Ann Evans (Cross) (1819–1880) was an English novelist who wrote under the name of George Eliot. The extract here given is from "The Mill on the Floss." Her "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," and "Romola" are of remarkable interest.

CALLING THE VIOLET.

LUCY LARCOM.

Dear little Violet,
Don't be afraid!
Lift your blue eyes
From the rock's mossy shade!
All the birds call for you
Out of the sky:
May is here, waiting,
And here, too, am I.

Why do you shiver so,
Violet sweet?
Soft is the meadow-grass
Under my feet.
Wrapped in your hood of green,
Violet, why
Peep from your earth-door
So silent and shy?

Trickle the little brooks
Close to your bed;
Softest of fleecy clouds
Float overhead;
"Ready and waiting!"
The slender reeds sigh:
"Ready and waiting!"
We sing — May and I.

Come, pretty Violet,
Winter's away:
Come, for without you
May isn't May.
Down through the sunshine
Wings flutter and fly; —
Quick, little Violet,
Open your eye!

Hear the rain whisper,
"Dear Violet, come!"
How can you stay
In your underground home?
Up in the pine boughs
For you the winds sigh.
Homesick to see you
Are we — May and I.

Ha! though you care not
For call or for shout,
Yon troop of sunbeams
Are winning you out.
Now all is beautiful
Under the sky:
May's here, — and violets!
Winter, good-by!

LUCY LARCOM (1826–1893) was an American author, whose poems and stories of New England are sweet and true.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

A CERTAIN man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me." And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far

country; and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

But when he came to himself he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.'"

And he arose, and came to his father. But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son."

But the father said to his servants, "Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and make

merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be.

And he said unto him, "Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound." But he was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out, and entreated him.

But he answered and said to his father, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but when this thy son came, which hath devoured thy living, thou killedst for him the fatted calf."

And he said unto him, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

This selection is from "The Gospel according to St. Luke," chapter xv. 11–32.

TO VIOLETS.

ROBERT HERRICK.

WELCOME, Maids of Honor,
You do bring
In the spring
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y'are the Maiden Posies
And so graced
To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591–1764) was an English poet whose songs and lyrics have never been excelled.

Attempt the end and never stand in doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
— R. HERRICK.

WHANG, THE MILLER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Europeans are themselves blind who describe Fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty had ever finer eyes, or saw more clearly. They who have no other trade but seeking their fortune, need never hope to find her. She flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic who stays at home and minds his business.

I am amazed that men call her blind, when, by the company she keeps, she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming-table, be very sure Fortune is not there. Where you see a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gold, be satisfied Fortune is not there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or, to personise her no longer, if you desire, my son, to be rich, and have money, be more eager to save than acquire. When people say money is to be got here, and money is to be got there, take no notice. Mind your own business; stay where you are, and secure all you can get without stirring. When you hear that your neighbour has picked up a purse of gold

in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you in order to pick up such another; or when you are informed that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own in order to be his rival.

Do not desire to be rich all at once, but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend it to them, think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang in our books of Chinese learning? of him who, despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious. Nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate." But if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor. He had nothing but the profits

of his mill to support him. But though these were small, they were certain. While his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires. He only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights in succession before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks goes quietly to bed and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh, that I could dream like him! With what pleasure I would dig around the pan! How slyly would I carry it home — not even my wife should see me! And then, oh the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy. He discontinued his former industry, he became quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he

repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision.

He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds buried deep in the ground and covered with a large, flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person — as is usual in money dreams — in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered. He still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt. So getting up early the third morning, he repaired, alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug. Digging still deeper, he turned up a house tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad, flat stone, but so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it.

"Here," cried he, in raptures, to himself, "here it is! Under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed! I must go home to my wife and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up."

Away, therefore, he went, and acquainted his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her delight on this occasion may be easily imagined. She flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy. But those raptures, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum. Returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found — not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen.

pur su'er, one who chases another.
dis cern'ing, sharp-sighted.
ac com'pa ny ing, going with.
per'son ize, to speak of as a person.
av a ri'cious, greedy of gain; miserly.
fru gal'i ty, saving nature; thrift.
ac qui si'tions, things gained.
con'tem plate, look at; think about.
ve rac'i ty, truth.
moil'ing, working hard.
pal'try, of little value.
af'flu ence, wealth.
cir'cum stance, fact.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born in Ireland in 1728, and died in London in 1774. His style is simple and graceful. His "The Vicar of Wakefield" is said to be the best known novel in the English language. "She Stoops to Conquer" is his best comedy.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

— R. W. EMERSON.

THE SEA.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

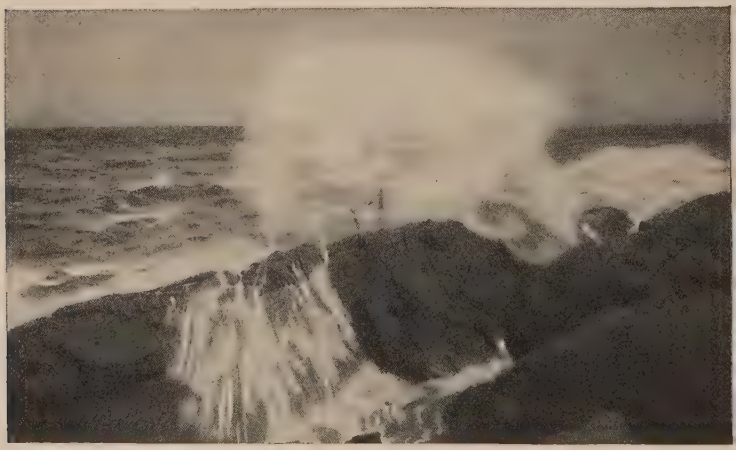
I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

THE SEA

D. James.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!



I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

Bryan Waller Procter (1790–1874) was an English lawyer and poet, who wrote under the name of "Barry Cornwall."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

NEXT to the face of Washington the face most familiar to the American people is doubtless that of Benjamin Franklin. This is due to the fact that their faces appear on the two postage stamps which have the smallest value and so are in largest use. Nothing would have better suited Franklin than to have his picture on the cheapest stamp of all, as it is, because his life was curiously divided between duty at European courts, on the one side, and giving simple and homely advice to the very poorest of his fellow-countrymen, on the other.

The advice was all founded on his own experience, dating back to the time when he was a poor boy in Boston, the fifteenth among the seventeen children of a poor tallow chandler. All his early life taught him thrift and economy, and he spent his maturer years in preaching it, more or less successfully, to other people. It was a lesson very much needed in a new country, where everybody was poor, and where even the few who were classed among the rich would be called poor at the present day.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, January

17, 1706. When he was ten years old his father took him from school and employed him in his own trade, that of a tallow chandler and soap boiler. The boy himself longed to go to sea, like many other boys, but his father after a time apprenticed him to his brother, who was a printer. This suited him tolerably well, because he loved books and began early to borrow them and to buy them, and finally to write them. He used to write ballads about pirates and shipwrecks and print them on his brother's press, and then peddle them in the streets.

He did not get on very well with his brother the printer, who was often tempted to whip him and sometimes yielded to the temptation. The result was that Benjamin Frankin one day hid himself on a coasting-sloop and went to New York, where he had found out that there was a printing-press.

The printer could give him no work, so he made his way to Philadelphia, the farthest southern point where a printing-press was then to be found. He was at this time only seventeen, and he has left in his autobiography — a most amusing narrative — a description of the way in which he walked up the street in Philadelphia on a stormy Sunday, very roughly dressed, with his spare shoes and stockings stuffed into his pockets, a loaf of bread under each arm, and munching a piece of a third loaf.

At a doorway stood a young girl who laughed at his appearance, and she afterward became his wife. When he had eaten all the bread he could, he gave the rest to a poor woman, as he had a dollar or more still left in his pocket, and was feeling very hopeful. Seeing a Friends' meeting-house he went into it, and finding everything around him very peaceful, fell fast asleep. This was his first day in Philadelphia, which was to be his future home.

He first found his way to England, however, and worked a year at his trade, then returned to Philadelphia, where he and another young man agreed to set up an office together. Besides their printing, they had a counter for the sale of all kinds of small wares, such as ink, soap, rags, feathers, and coffee.

Very thankful they were to a friend whom they met in the street and who gave them a five-shilling job. They had scarcely any money, but they set up a newspaper — the *Philadelphia Gazette* — and then published an almanac which they called "Poor Richard's Almanac," and which had a great circulation for many years and became so famous that almanacs are sometimes published under that name up to this time.

Franklin's almanac was written under the name of Richard Saunders. "Poor Richard's" sayings filled every corner of it and were the thing most

successful in the book. In every spare corner people would read such little maxims as "God helps them that help themselves," "Lost time is never found again," "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright," "Many words will not fill a bushel," and so on. These sayings were at last gathered into a book by themselves. It is said to have been reprinted more than four hundred times and to have been translated into fifteen different languages.

He also drew up a set of rules for his own daily life; such rules as "Avoid trifling conversation," "Eat not to dulness," and the like. Then finding that he had too many rules, he made a list of virtues, thirteen in all. He then ruled a page of a book in squares, putting seven squares in a row, one for each day, and in each square he ruled thirteen lines, one for each virtue. Every evening he would sit down and make a dot in the square, if he had fallen from any virtue; and through his whole life as a public man he carried a little ivory book like this, and sometimes put his little black dots in it.

All the practical advice which Franklin gave to others he remembered also for himself, and thus gradually became well known and a man of influence. He was also a great student of science,

especially in its applications to daily life, and he first made the discovery that lightning was simply a form of electricity, not unlike that which could be produced by rubbing a glass tube. This he announced in pamphlets made up of statements which most people refused to believe. So he resolved to prove it before the eyes of all, and went out with his young son upon an open field, during a thunder-storm, carrying a kite made of a large silk handkerchief, with a sharpened wire fastened to the stick, in order to fly his kite during the thunder-shower.

As a cloud passed, the electricity came down the string of the kite, and when Franklin touched a key which he had fastened to a string, his knuckles drew sparks from it, so proving that electricity was there. This discovery soon led him to invent the lightning-rod — an invention which at once made him very famous in Europe as well as in America.

He gradually made himself useful in public affairs, also. He founded the Philadelphia library, became clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, postmaster of Philadelphia, and deputy postmaster of the British colonies in America. He worked hard, both in England and America, to prevent war between the colonies and the mother country, but when war was found necessary, he became a member of the Continental Congress, and from that time

on rendered the most important public services. He was one of the committee to propose the Declaration of Independence, and was a signer of it, and he was for nine years ambassador to France, where he secured the treaty which gained the aid of France in the American revolution.

He also took an active part in securing peace with England and was one of the signers of the final treaty. When at home again, he became Governor of Pennsylvania, and was the oldest member of the convention which formed the Constitution of the United States. The very last public act he ever performed was to head the first petition sent to Congress, in 1787, for the abolition of American slavery.

It is generally admitted that no American was ever so variously useful, founded so many institutions, or helped such a variety of good enterprises. For instance, he founded the first fire company in Philadelphia, was colonel of a regiment and built forts, invented a musical instrument called the harmonica, and an open stove called the Franklin stove.

When he died (April 17, 1790) the whole nation mourned. In Europe the celebrated statesman Mirabeau, the leader of the French Assembly, called him "the sage whom two worlds claim as

their own," and proposed that the members of the Assembly should wear mourning badges for him during three days, as was done.

Franklin's early autobiography gives us a very clear idea of the man, and shows him to have had very little that would be called poetic or imaginative in his nature, but a vast amount of what is called "mother wit" or ingenuity, great public spirit, great self-control and evenness of temper, and the power to smooth down prejudices and overcome difficulties. Take for instance the time when he wished to unite the delegates from the different colonies when they were to meet more than a hundred Indian chiefs and make a treaty with them. Franklin printed in his newspaper a woodcut showing a snake cut into separate pieces to represent the American colonies, with the motto below "Unite or die" — a design afterward used as a flag.

Or take, for another example, his story of the hatter's sign, which he told to Jefferson, perhaps making it up for the occasion, when Jefferson was vexed at the changes made by Congress in the Declaration of Independence. The sign read at first, it seems, "John Thompson, Hatter. Makes and sells hats for ready money," with a picture of the hat. One friend advised him to omit the word "Hatter," because it meant the same thing as the

words "makes hats." Then the next friend said that no one cared about the maker of hats if they were only good; and the words "makes hats" were struck out. A third friend observed that "sells hats" was useless, as no one expected him to give away the hats; and out went the word "sells." Finally nothing was left but the name "John Thompson" and the figure of a hat.

In the same way he was ready with an answer before any public body, and this reply was always crisp and unexpected. Thus, when in 1776 he was called upon, while in England, to give testimony before Parliament, his questioners never got any advantage over him. "What used to be the pride of the Americans?" one questioner asked of him. "To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of England," was his reply. "What is now their pride?" asked somebody else. Quick as a flash came the answer: "To wear their old clothes over again, till they can make new ones."

It is interesting to notice that Franklin's sharp wit never spared himself. Thus he himself tells the story of his going to hear the celebrated preacher Whitfield urge the cause of an Orphan House which he wished to build at Savannah. Franklin disapproved the plan and had resolved to give nothing. "I perceived," he says, "that he intended to

finish with a collection, and I silently resolved that he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver. And he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

After all, the best epitaph on this great man will always be that proposed by the celebrated French statesman, Turgot: "He snatched the lightning from the skies, and the sceptre from tyrants."

ma tur'er, later; more developed.
chan'dler, candle-maker.
ap pren'ticed, placed with a tradesman to learn his trade.
au to bi og'ra phy, a person's account of his own life.
nar'ra tive, story.
cir cu la'tion, the number of persons to whom a paper is sent out.
ap pli ca' tion, putting to special use.
dep'u ty, one who acts for another.
am bas'sa dor, an agent of high rank, representing one government at the court or the capital of another.
ab o li'tion, putting an end to.
en'ter prise, something attempted; an undertaking.
in ge nu'i ty, cleverness.
prej'u dices, opinions formed without knowing all the facts.
tes'ti mo ny, evidence, or witness.
pis tole', a gold coin, worth about $4.
ep'i taph, a statement about a dead person, written on the tombstone.

There is nothing so kingly as kindness, and nothing so royal as truth. — ALICE CARY.

THE BOBOLINK.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE happiest bird of our spring, and one that rivals the European lark, is the bobolincon, or bobolink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice period of the year, which, with us, begins about the middle of May and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching and panting heats of summer.

But in this congenial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance. "The rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure. The woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel. The air is perfumed by the sweetbrier and the wild rose; the meadows are enamelled with clover blossoms, while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the bobolink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of

the season. His life seems all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and, as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, — crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in a schoolroom. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no hateful school; nothing but holiday frolic, green fields, and fine weather. I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo: —

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
No winter in thy year.

Oh ! could I fly, I'd fly with thee ;
We'd make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring !

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little songster, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the same envy and admiration in which I once indulged. I have shown him, only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his life, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste.

While this lasted he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His

notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a "gourmand"; with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table."

In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a tour in the quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware; and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in travelling. Bobolincon no more, — he is the *reed-bird* now, the much-sought-for tidbit of Pennsylvania epicures. Wherever he goes, *pop! pop! pop!* every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

Does he take warning and reform? Alas, not he! Again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous *rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

Last stage of his career; behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some Southern epicure.

Such is the story of the bobolink; once spiritual,

musical, admired; the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little gourmand, who atones for his greediness in the larder. His story contains a moral worthy of the attention of all birds and boys; warning them to keep to those refined pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career; but to avoid that indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

Which is all, at present, from the well-wisher of boys and birds.

en am'elled, adorned with color.
rev'el ry, merry-making.
ec'sta sy, great delight.
mewed up, shut in.
var'let, rascal; servant.
gross, coarse.
vi'brate, tremble.
gour'mand, a greedy person.
myr'i ads, very large numbers.
cor'pu lent, plump.
ep'i cure, a person very fond of dainty food.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in New York in 1783 and died in 1859. He was one of the first American writers to attract attention in Europe.

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

—N. P. WILLIS.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest;
Hear him call in his merry note:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat of mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:

"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart, and prince of braggarts, is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee!"

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;

Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee!"

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

I.

When Jason, the son of the dethroned king of Iolchos (I ol'kos), was a little boy, he was sent away from his parents and placed under the queerest schoolmaster that ever you heard of. This learned person was one of the people or quadrupeds called Centaurs. He lived in a cavern, and had the body and legs of a white horse, with the head and shoulders of a man. His name was Chiron (Kī'ron); and, in spite of his odd appearance, he was a very excellent teacher, and had several scholars, who afterward did him credit.

The good Chiron taught his pupils how to play upon the harp, how to cure diseases, and how to use the sword and shield, together with various other branches of education in which the lads of those days used to be instructed, instead of writing and arithmetic.

So Jason dwelt in the cave, with his four-footed Chiron, from the time that he was an infant only a few months old until he had grown to the full height of a man. He became a very good harper, I suppose, and skilful in the use of weapons, and,

above all, an admirable horseman; for, in teaching young people to ride, the good Chiron must have been without a rival among schoolmasters.

At length, being now a tall and athletic youth, Jason resolved to seek his fortune in the world. He had heard that he himself was a prince royal, and that his father, King Æson, had been deprived of the kingdom of Iolchos by a certain Pelias (Pē'li as), who would also have killed Jason had he not been hidden in the Centaur's cave. And being come to the strength of a man, Jason determined to set all this business to rights, and to punish the wicked Pelias for wronging his dear father, and to cast him down from the throne and seat himself there instead.

With this intention he took a spear in each hand, and threw a leopard's skin over his shoulders to keep off the rain, and set forth on his travels, with his long, yellow ringlets waving in the wind. The part of his dress on which he most prided himself was a pair of sandals that had been his father's. They were handsomely embroidered, and were tied upon his feet with strings of gold.

I know not how far Jason had travelled when he came to a turbulent river, which rushed right across his pathway, with specks of white foam among its black eddies, hurrying onward, and roaring angrily

as it went. He stepped boldly into the raging and foamy current and began to stagger away from the shore.

Jason's two spears, one in each hand, kept him from stumbling and enabled him to feel his way among the hidden rocks. When he was halfway across, his foot was caught in a crevice between two rocks, and stuck there so fast that, in the effort to get free, he lost one of his golden-stringed sandals.

After travelling a pretty long distance, he came to a town situated at the foot of a mountain, and not a great way from the shore of the sea. On the outside of the town there was an immense crowd of people, not only men and women, but children, too, all in their best clothes, and evidently enjoying a holiday. Jason inquired of one of the multitude why so many persons were here assembled.

"This is the kingdom of Iolchos," answered the man, "and we are the subjects of King Pelias. Our monarch has summoned us together that we may see him sacrifice a black bull to Neptune, who, they say, is his majesty's father. Yonder is the king, where you see the smoke going up from the altar."

While the man spoke, he eyed Jason with great curiosity, for his garb was quite unlike that of the Iolchians, and it looked very odd to see a youth

with a leopard's skin over his shoulders and each hand grasping a spear. Jason perceived, too, that the man stared particularly at his feet, one of which, you remember, was bare, while the other was decorated with his father's golden-stringed sandal.

"Look at him! only look at him!" said the man to his next neighbor. "Do you see? He wears but one sandal."

Upon this, first one person and then another began to stare at Jason, and everybody seemed to be greatly struck with something in his aspect; though they turned their eyes much oftener toward his feet than to any other part of his figure. Besides, he could hear them whispering to one another.

"One sandal! One sandal!" they kept saying. "The man with one sandal! Here he is at last! Whence has he come? What does he mean to do? What will the king say to the one-sandaled man?"

Poor Jason was greatly abashed, and made up his mind that the people of Iolchos were exceedingly ill bred to take such public notice of an accidental deficiency in his dress. Meanwhile, whether it was that they hustled him forward, or that Jason of his own accord thrust a passage through the crowd, it so happened that he soon found himself

close to the smoking altar where King Pelias was sacrificing the black bull.

The murmur and hum of the multitude, in their surprise at the spectacle of Jason with his one bare foot, grew so loud that it disturbed the ceremonies; and the king, holding the great knife with which he was just going to cut the bull's throat, turned angrily about and fixed his eyes on Jason. The people had now withdrawn from around him, so that the youth stood in an open space, near the smoking altar, front to front with the angry King Pelias.

"Who are you?" cried the king, with a terrible frown. "And how dare you make this disturbance, while I am sacrificing a black bull to my father Neptune?"

"It is no fault of mine," answered Jason. "Your majesty must blame the rudeness of your subjects, who have raised all this tumult because one of my feet happens to be bare."

When Jason said this, the king gave a quick, startled glance down at his feet.

"Ha!" muttered he, "here is the one-sandaled fellow, sure enough. What can I do with him?"

The people round about caught up the king's words, indistinctly as they were uttered; and first there was a murmur among them, and then a shout.

"The one-sandaled man has come! The prophecy must be fulfilled!"

For you are to know that, many years before, King Pelias had been told that a man with one sandal should cast him down from his throne. On this account he had given strict orders that nobody should ever come into his presence unless both sandals were securely tied upon his feet; and he kept an officer at the palace, whose sole business it was to examine people's sandals.

In the whole course of the king's reign, he had never been thrown into such a fright as by the spectacle of poor Jason's bare foot. But, as he was naturally a bold and hard-hearted man, he soon took courage and began to consider in what way he might rid himself of this terrible one-sandaled stranger.

"My good young man," said King Pelias, taking the softest tone imaginable in order to throw Jason off his guard, "you are very welcome to my kingdom. Judging by your dress, you must have travelled a long distance; for it is not the fashion to wear leopard skins in this part of the world. Pray, what may I call your name? and where did you receive your education?"

"My name is Jason," answered the young stranger. "Ever since my infancy I have dwelt in the cave of Chiron the Centaur. He was my instructor and

taught me music and horsemanship, and how to cure wounds, and likewise how to inflict wounds with my weapons."

"I have heard of Chiron the schoolmaster," replied King Pelias. "It gives me great delight to see one of his scholars at my court. But, to test how much you have profited under so excellent a teacher, will you allow me to ask you a single question?"

"I do not pretend to be very wise," said Jason. "But ask me what you please, and I will answer to the best of my ability."

Now King Pelias meant cunningly to entrap the young man and to make him say something that should be the cause of mischief and destruction to himself. So, with an evil smile upon his face, he spoke as follows: —

"What would you do, brave Jason," asked he, "if there were a man in the world by whom, as you had reason to believe, you were doomed to be ruined and slain — what would you do, I say, if that man stood before you and in your power?"

When Jason saw the malice and wickedness which King Pelias could not prevent from gleaming out of his eyes, he probably guessed that the king had discovered what he came for, and that he intended to turn his own words against himself. Still

he scorned to tell a falsehood. Like an upright and honorable prince, as he was, he determined to speak out the real truth.

Since the king had chosen to ask him the question, and since Jason had promised him an answer, there was no right way save to tell him precisely what would be the most prudent thing to do if he had his worst enemy in his power. Therefore, after a moment's consideration, he spoke up with a firm and manly voice.

"I would send such a man," said he, "in quest of the Golden Fleece."

This enterprise, you will understand, was of all others the most difficult and dangerous in the world. In the first place, it would be necessary to make a long voyage through unknown seas. There was hardly a hope or a possibility that any young man who should undertake this voyage would either succeed in obtaining the Golden Fleece or would survive to return home and tell of the perils he had run. The eyes of King Pelias sparkled with joy, therefore, when he heard Jason's reply.

"Well said, wise man with the one sandal!" cried he. "Go, then, and at the peril of your life bring me back the Golden Fleece."

"I go," answered Jason. "If I fail, you need not fear that I will ever come back to trouble you again.

But if I return to Iolchos with the prize, then, King Pelias, you must hasten down from your throne and give me your crown and sceptre."

"That I will," said the king, with a sneer. "Meantime, I will keep them very safely for you."

II.

The first thing that Jason thought of doing after he left the king's presence was to go to Dodona and inquire of the Talking Oak what course it was best to pursue. This wonderful tree stood in the centre of an ancient wood. Its stately trunk rose up a hundred feet into the air and threw a broad and dense shadow over more than an acre of ground.

Standing beneath it, Jason looked up among the knotted branches and green leaves and into the mysterious heart of the old tree, and spoke aloud, as if he were addressing some person who was hidden in the depths of the foliage.

"What shall I do," said he, "in order to win the Golden Fleece?"

At first there was a deep silence, not only within the shadow of the Talking Oak, but all through the solitary wood. In a moment or two, however, the leaves of the oak began to stir and rustle as if a gentle breeze were wandering amongst them,

although the other trees of the wood were perfectly still. The sound grew louder and became like the roar of a high wind.

By and by the noise waxed broader and deeper, until it resembled a tornado sweeping through the oak. And now, though it still had the tone of mighty wind roaring among the branches, it was also like a deep bass voice speaking, as distinctly as a tree could be expected to speak, the following words: —

"Go to Argus the ship-builder, and bid him build a galley with fifty oars."

Then the voice melted again into the indistinct murmur of the rustling leaves and died gradually away.

On inquiry among the people of Iolchos, he found that there was really a man in the city, by the name of Argus, who was a very skilful builder of vessels. At Jason's request, Argus readily consented to build him a galley so big that it should require fifty strong men to row it; although no vessel of such a size and burden had heretofore been seen in the world.

The new ship, which was called the Argo, was soon made quite ready for sea. Jason visited the Talking Oak again, and, standing beside its huge, rough trunk, inquired what he should do next.

This time there was no such quivering of the leaves throughout the whole tree as there had been before. But after a while Jason observed that the foliage of a great branch which stretched above his head had begun to rustle, as if the wind were stirring that old bough, while all the other boughs of the oak were at rest.

"Cut me off," said the branch, as soon as it could speak distinctly; "cut me off, cut me off, and carve me into a figurehead for your galley."

Accordingly, Jason took the branch at its word and lopped it off the tree. A carver in the neighborhood engaged to make the figurehead. When the work was finished, it turned out to be the figure of a beautiful woman with a helmet on her head, from beneath which the long ringlets fell down upon her shoulders. On the left arm was a shield, and the right arm was extended as if pointing onward.

Jason was delighted with the oaken image, and gave the carver no rest until it was completed and set up where a figurehead has always stood from that time to this, in the vessel's prow.

"And now," cried he, as he stood gazing at the calm, majestic face of the statue, "I must go to the Talking Oak and inquire what next to do."

"There is no need of that, Jason," said a voice

which, though it was far lower, reminded him of the mighty tones of the great oak. "When you desire good advice you can seek it of me."

Jason had been looking straight into the face of the image when these words were spoken. But he could hardly believe either his ears or his eyes. The truth was, however, that the oaken lips had moved, and, to all appearance, the voice had proceeded from the statue's mouth.

Recovering a little from his surprise Jason bethought himself that the image had been carved out of the wood of the Talking Oak, and that, therefore, it was really no great wonder, but, on the contrary, the most natural thing in the world that it should possess the faculty of speech.

"Tell me, wondrous image," exclaimed Jason — "since you inherit the wisdom of the Speaking Oak of Dodo'na, — tell me where shall I find fifty bold youths who will take each of them an oar of my galley? They must have sturdy arms to row, and brave hearts to encounter perils, or we shall never win the Golden Fleece."

"Go," replied the oaken image, "go, summon all the heroes of Greece."

Jason lost no time in sending messengers to all the cities and making known to the whole people of Greece that Prince Jason, the son of King Æson,

was going in quest of the Fleece of Gold, and that he desired the help of forty-nine of the bravest and strongest young men alive to row his vessel and share his dangers. And Jason himself would be the fiftieth.

At this news the adventurous youths all over the country began to bestir themselves. They came thronging to Iolchos and clambered on board the new galley. Shaking hands with Jason, they assured him that they would help row the vessel to the remotest edge of the world, and as much farther as he might think it best to go.

After many adventures, they at last reached Colchis (Col'kis). When the king of the country, whose name was Æetes, (E ē'tēz) heard of their arrival, he instantly summoned Jason to court. The king was stern and cruel looking; and, though he put on as polite and hospitable an expression as he could, Jason did not like his face a whit better than that of the wicked King Pelias, who dethroned his father.

"You are welcome, brave Jason," said King Æetes. "Pray, are you on a pleasure voyage? — or do you meditate the discovery of unknown islands? — or what other cause has procured me the happiness of seeing you at my court?"

"Great sir," replied Jason, "I have come hither

with a purpose which I now beg your majesty's permission to execute. King Pelias, who sits on my father's throne (to which he has no more right than to the one on which your excellent majesty is now seated), has engaged to come down from it and to give me his crown and sceptre provided I bring him the Golden Fleece. This, as your majesty is aware, is now hanging on a tree here at Colchis, and I humbly solicit your gracious leave to take it away."

In spite of himself, the king's face twisted itself into an angry frown; for, above all things else in the world, he prized the Golden Fleece, and was even suspected of having done a very wicked act in order to get it into his own possession. It put him into the worst possible humor, therefore, to hear that the gallant Prince Jason and forty-nine of the bravest young warriors of Greece had come to Colchis with the sole purpose of taking away his chief treasure.

"Do you know," asked King Æetes, eying Jason very sternly, "what are the conditions which you must fulfil before getting possession of the Golden Fleece?"

"I have heard," rejoined the youth, "that a dragon lies beneath the tree on which the prize hangs, and that whoever approaches him runs the risk of being devoured at a mouthful."

"True," said the king, with a smile that did not look particularly good-natured. "Very true, young man; but there are other things as hard, or perhaps a little harder, to be done before you can even have the privilege of being devoured by the dragon. For example, you must first tame my two brazen-footed and brazen-lunged bulls which Vulcan, the wonderful blacksmith, made for me.

"There is a furnace in each of their stomachs, and they breathe such hot fire out of their mouths and nostrils, that nobody has hitherto gone nigh them without being instantly burned to a small, black cinder. What do you think of this, my brave Jason?"

"I must encounter the peril," answered Jason, "since it stands in the way of my purpose."

"After taming the fiery bulls," continued King Æetes, who was determined to scare Jason if possible, "you must yoke them to a plough, and must plough the sacred earth in the grove of Mars, and sow some of the dragon's teeth from which Cadmus raised a crop of armed men. They are an unruly set, those sons of the dragon's teeth; and unless you treat them suitably, they will fall upon you sword in hand. You and your nine and forty Argonauts, my bold Jason, are hardly strong enough to fight with such a host as will spring up."

"My master, Chiron," replied Jason, "taught me long ago the story of Cadmus. Perhaps I can manage the quarrelsome sons of the dragon's teeth as well as Cadmus did."

"I wish the dragon had him," muttered King Æetes to himself. "We'll see what my fire-breathing bulls will do for him. Well, Prince Jason," he continued aloud, and as complaisantly as he could, "make yourself comfortable for to-day, and to-morrow morning, since you insist upon it, you shall try your skill at the plough."

III.

While the king talked with Jason, a beautiful young woman was standing behind the throne. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon the youthful stranger, and listened attentively to every word that was spoken; and when Jason withdrew from the king's presence, this young woman followed him out of the room.

"I am the king's daughter," she said to him, "and my name is Medea (Me de'a). I know a great deal of which other young princesses are ignorant, and can do many things which they would be afraid so much as to dream of. If you will trust to me, I can instruct you how to tame the fiery bulls, and sow the dragon's teeth, and get the Golden Fleece."

"Indeed, beautiful princess," answered Jason, "if you will do me this service, I promise to be grateful to you my whole life long. You seem very wise and powerful. But how can you help me to do the things of which you speak? Are you an enchantress?"

"Yes, Prince Jason," answered Medea, with a smile, "you have hit upon the truth. I am an enchantress. Circe (Cir'ce), my father's sister, taught me to be one. It is well for you that I am favorably inclined; for, otherwise, you would hardly escape being snapped up by the dragon."

"I should not so much care for the dragon," replied Jason, "if I only knew how to manage the brazen-footed and fiery-lunged bulls."

"If you are as brave as I think you, and as you have need to be," said Medea, "your own bold heart will teach you that there is but one way of dealing with a mad bull. What it is I leave you to find out in the moment of peril. As for the fiery breath of these animals, I have a charmed ointment here which will prevent you from being burned up, and cure you if you chance to be a little scorched."

So she put a golden box into his hand and directed him how to apply the ointment which it contained, and where to meet her at midnight.

"Only be brave," added she, "and before daybreak the brazen bulls shall be tamed."

The young man assured her that his heart would not fail him. He then rejoined his comrades, and told them what had passed between the princess and himself, and warned them to be in readiness in case there might be need of their help.

At the appointed hour he met the beautiful Medea on the marble steps of the king's palace. She gave him a basket in which were the dragon's teeth, just as they had been pulled out of the monster's jaws by Cadmus long ago. Medea then led Jason down the palace steps, and through the silent streets of the city, and into the royal pasture ground, where the two brazen-footed bulls were kept. It was a starry night, with a bright gleam along the eastern edge of the sky, where the moon was soon going to show herself.

At some distance before him he perceived four streams of fiery vapor, regularly appearing and again vanishing, after dimly lighting up the surrounding obscurity. These, you will understand, were caused by the breath of the brazen bulls, which was quietly stealing out of their four nostrils as they lay chewing their cuds.

At the first two or three steps which Jason made the four fiery streams appeared to gush out somewhat more plentifully; for the two brazen bulls had heard his foot tramp, and were lifting up their hot

noses to snuff the air. He went a little farther, and by the way in which the red vapor now spouted forth he judged that the creatures had got upon their feet. Now he could see glowing sparks and vivid jets of flame.

One other stride did bold Jason make; and suddenly as a streak of lightning, on came the fiery animals, roaring like thunder and sending out sheets of white flame. Most distinctly Jason saw the two horrible creatures galloping right down upon him, their brazen hoofs rattling and ringing over the ground, and their tails sticking up stiffly into the air, as has always been the fashion with angry bulls.

Their breath scorched the herbage before them. But as for Jason himself, thanks to Medea's enchanted ointment, the white flame curled around his body without injuring him a jot.

Greatly encouraged at finding himself not yet turned into a cinder, the young man awaited the attack of the bulls. Just as the brazen brutes fancied themselves sure of tossing him into the air, he caught one of them by the horn and the other by his screwed-up tail, and held them in a grip like that of an iron vise, one with his right hand, and the other with his left. Well, he must have been wonderfully strong in his arms, to be sure.

But the secret of the matter was that the brazen

bulls were enchanted creatures, and that Jason had broken the spell of their fiery fierceness by his bold way of handling them.

It was now easy to yoke the bulls and to harness them to the plough, and by the time that the moon was a quarter of her journey up the sky the ploughed field lay before him, a large tract of black earth, ready to be sown with the dragon's teeth. So Jason scattered them broadcast, and harrowed them into the soil, and took his stand on the edge of the field, anxious to see what would happen next.

The moon was now high aloft in the heavens and threw its bright beams over the ploughed field, where as yet there was nothing to be seen. But by and by all over the field there was something that glistened in the moonbeams like sparkling drops of dew. These bright objects sprouted higher, and proved to be the steel heads of spears. Then there was a dazzling gleam from a vast number of polished brass helmets, beneath which, as they grew farther out of the soil, appeared the dark and bearded visages of warriors struggling to free themselves from the imprisoning earth.

The first look that they gave at the upper world was a glare of wrath and defiance. Next were seen their bright breastplates; in every right hand there was a sword or a spear, and on each left arm a

shield; and when this strange crop of warriors had but half grown out of the earth, they struggled — such was their impatience of restraint — and, as it were, tore themselves up by the roots.

Wherever a dragon's tooth had fallen, there stood a man armed for battle. They made a clangor with their swords against their shields, and eyed one another fiercely; for they had come into this beautiful world, and into the peaceful moonlight, full of rage and stormy passions, and ready to take the life of every human brother, in recompense of the boon of their own existence.

For a while the warriors stood flourishing their weapons, clashing their swords against their shields, and boiling over with the red-hot thirst for battle. At last the front rank caught sight of Jason, who, beholding the flash of so many weapons in the moonlight, had thought it best to draw his sword.

In a moment all the sons of the dragon's teeth appeared to take Jason for an enemy; and crying with one voice, "Guard the Golden Fleece!" they ran at him with uplifted swords and levelled spears. Jason knew that it would be impossible to withstand this bloodthirsty battalion with his single arm, but determined, since there was nothing better to be done, to die as valiantly as if he himself had sprung from a dragon's tooth.

Medea, however, bade him snatch up a stone from the ground.

"Throw it among them quickly!" cried she. "It is the only way to save yourself."

The armed men were now so near that Jason could discern the fire flashing out of their enraged eyes. He let fly the stone, and saw it strike the helmet of a tall warrior who was rushing upon him with his blade aloft. The stone glanced from this man's helmet to the shield of his nearest comrade, and thence flew right into the angry face of another, hitting him smartly between the eyes.

Each of the three who had been struck by the stone took it for granted that his next neighbor had given him a blow; and instead of running any farther toward Jason, they began a fight among themselves. The confusion spread through the host, so that it seemed scarcely a moment before they were all hacking, hewing, and stabbing at one another.

In an incredibly short space of time — almost as short, indeed, as it had taken them to grow up — all of the heroes of the dragon's teeth were stretched lifeless on the field. And there was the end of the army that had sprouted from the dragon's teeth. That fierce and feverish fight was the only enjoyment which they had tasted on this beautiful earth.

IV.

Agreeably to Medea's advice, Jason went in the morning to the palace of King Æetes. Entering the presence chamber, he stood at the foot of the throne and made a low obeisance.

"Your eyes look heavy, Prince Jason," observed the king; "you appear to have spent a sleepless night. I hope you have been considering the matter a little more wisely, and have concluded not to get yourself scorched to a cinder in attempting to tame my brazen-lunged bulls."

"That is already accomplished, may it please your majesty," replied Jason. "The bulls have been tamed and yoked; the field has been ploughed; the dragon's teeth have been sown broadcast and harrowed into the soil; the crop of armed warriors has sprung up, and they have slain one another to the last man. And now I solicit your majesty's permission to encounter the dragon, that I may take down the Golden Fleece from the tree and depart with my nine and forty comrades."

King Æetes scowled and looked very angry and greatly disturbed; for he knew that, in accordance with his kingly promise, he ought now to permit Jason to win the Fleece if his courage and skill should enable him to do so. But since the young

man had met with such good luck in the matter of the brazen bulls and the dragon's teeth, the king feared that he would be equally successful in slaying the dragon.

"You never would have succeeded in this business, young man," said he, "if my undutiful daughter Medea had not helped you with her enchantments. Had you acted fairly, you would have been at this instant a black cinder or a handful of white ashes. I forbid you, on pain of death, to make any more attempts to get the Golden Fleece. To speak my mind plainly, you shall never set eyes on so much as one of its glistening locks."

Jason left the king's presence in great sorrow and anger. But, as he was hastening down the palace steps, the Princess Medea called after him and beckoned him to return.

"What says King Æetes, my royal and upright father?" inquired Medea, slightly smiling. "Will he give you the Golden Fleece without any further risk or trouble?"

"On the contrary," answered Jason, "he is very angry with me for taming the brazen bulls and sowing the dragon's teeth. And he forbids me to make any more attempts, and positively refuses to give up the Golden Fleece, whether I slay the dragon or no."

"Yes, Jason," said the princess, "and I can tell you more. Unless you set sail from Colchis before to-morrow's sunrise, the king means to burn your fifty-oared galley and put yourself and your forty-nine brave comrades to the sword. But be of good courage. The Golden Fleece you shall have, if it lies within the power of my enchantments to get it for you. Wait for me here an hour before midnight."

At the appointed hour you might again have seen Prince Jason and the Princess Medea, side by side, stealing through the streets of Colchis, on their way to the sacred grove, in the centre of which the Golden Fleece was suspended to a tree.

Jason followed Medea's guidance into the grove of Mars, where the great oak trees that had been growing for centuries threw so thick a shade that the moonbeams struggled vainly to find their way through it. Now and then a breeze stirred the boughs aside and gave Jason a glimpse of the sky, lest, in that deep obscurity, he might forget that there was a sky overhead. At length, when they had gone farther and farther into the heart of the duskiness, Medea squeezed Jason's hand.

"Look yonder," she whispered. "Do you see it?"

Gleaming among the venerable oaks there was a radiance, not like the moonbeams, but rather

resembling the golden glory of the setting sun. It proceeded from an object which appeared to be suspended at about a man's height from the ground, a little farther within the wood.

"What is it?" asked Jason.

"Have you come so far to seek it," exclaimed Medea, "and do you not recognize the meed of all your toils and perils when it glitters before your eyes? It is the Golden Fleece."

Jason went onward a few steps farther, and then stopped to gaze. Oh, how beautiful it looked, shining with a marvellous light of its own, that prize which so many heroes had longed to behold, but had perished in the quest of it either by the perils of their voyage or by the fiery breath of the brazen-lunged bulls!

"How gloriously it shines!" cried Jason, in a rapture. "It has surely been dipped in the richest gold of sunset. Let me hasten onward and take it to my bosom."

"Stay," said Medea, holding him back. "Have you forgotten what guards it?"

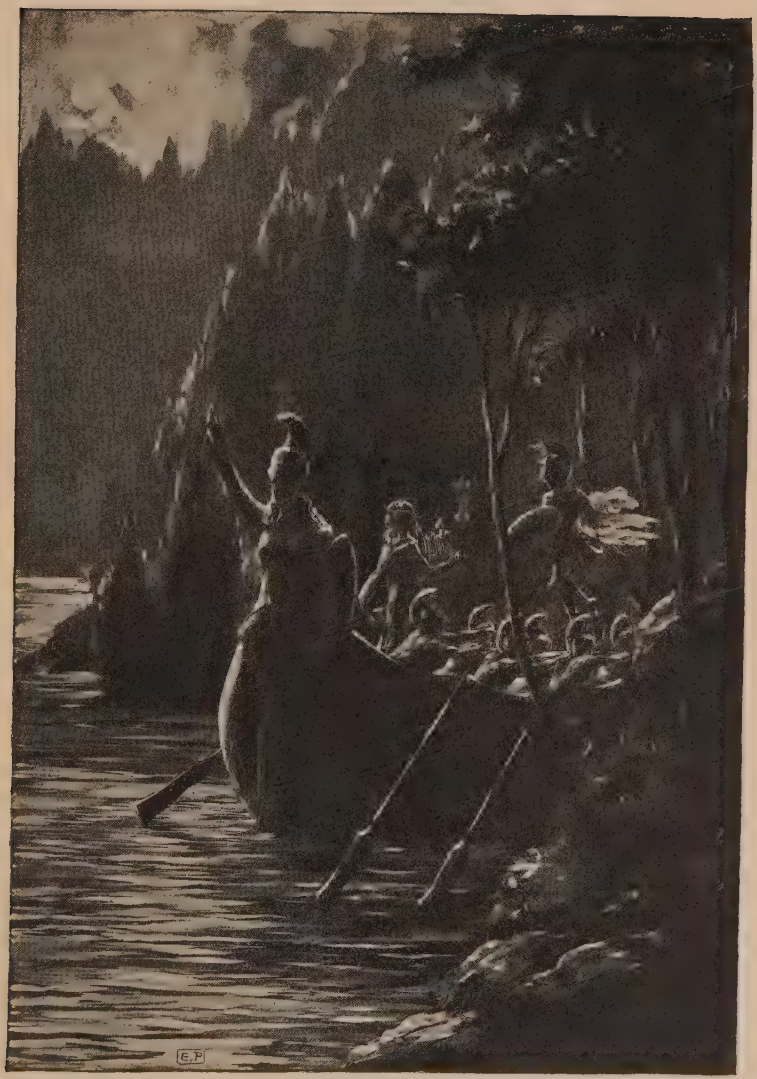
To say the truth, in the joy of beholding the object of his desires, the terrible dragon had quite slipped out of Jason's memory. Soon, however, something came to pass that reminded him what perils were still to be encountered. An antelope,

that probably mistook the yellow radiance for sunrise, came bounding fleetly through the grove. He was rushing straight toward the Golden Fleece, when suddenly there was a frightful hiss, and the immense head and half the scaly body of the dragon were thrust forth — for he was twisted round the trunk of the tree on which the Fleece hung — and seizing the poor antelope, swallowed him with one snap of his jaws.

The dragon had probably heard the voices; for, swift as lightning, his black head and forked tongue came hissing among the trees again, darting full forty feet at a stretch. As it approached, Medea tossed a magic potion right down the monster's wide-open throat. Immediately, with an outrageous hiss and a tremendous wriggle, the dragon fell at full length upon the ground and lay quite motionless.

"It is only a sleeping potion," said the enchantress to Jason. "Quick! Snatch the prize and let us be gone. You have won the Golden Fleece."

Jason caught the Fleece from the tree and hurried through the grove, the deep shadows of which were illuminated, as he passed, by the golden glory of the precious object that he bore along. He found the heroes seated on the benches of the galley, with their oars held ready to let fall into the water.



JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

As Jason drew near, he heard the Talking Image calling to him with more than ordinary eagerness, in its grave, sweet voice: —

"Make haste, Prince Jason! For your life, make haste!"

With one bound, he leaped aboard. At sight of the glorious radiance of the Golden Fleece, the nine and forty heroes gave a mighty shout, and Orpheus, striking his harp, sang a song of triumph, to the cadence of which the galley flew over the water, homeward bound, as if careering along with wings.

de throned', removed from the throne.
cen'taur, a fabled being, half man and half horse.
ad'mi ra ble, excellent.
ath let'ic, strong; skilled in sports.
tur'bu lent, rushing, roaring.
de fi'cien cy, a lack.
spec'ta cle, sight.
dis turb'ance, noise, uproar.
im ag'i na ble, to be thought of.
mal'ice, spite; ill will.
con sid er a'tion, careful thought.
gal'ley, a large vessel, moved by many oars.
fac'ul ty, power.
med'i tate, to think about.
so lic'it, to ask earnestly.
priv'i lege, a special favor.
en coun'ter, meet face to face.
Ar'go nauts, heroes of the Argo.
com'plai sant ly, politely, obligingly.
en chant'ress, a woman who charms by magic.
vis'age, face.
re straint', the art of holding back.
clan'gor, a sharp ringing sound.
rec'om pense, return.
ex ist'ence, life.
pro trud'ed, thrust forward.
bat tal'ion, a body of troops.
val'iant ly, bravely.
in cred'i bly, beyond belief.
o bei'sance, bow.
ac cord'ance, agreement.
ob scu'ri ty, darkness.
ven'er a ble, very old.
meed, reward.
po'tion, dose.
il lu'mi nate, to light up.
Or'phe us, a fabled poet and singer.
ca'dence, rising and falling of song.
car eer'ing, moving rapidly.

THE HERITAGE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold;
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old —
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art —
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door —
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands.
This is the best crop from thy lands —
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great.
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign —
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past —
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

hold in fee, to own.
be nign', kindly.
in her'it, receive by right of birth.
sin'ew y, tough.

Doing an evil to avoid an evil cannot be good.
—S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

It seemed to me in my dream that the shilling which lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, opened its mouth, and in a soft, silver sound gave me the following account of his life and adventures: —

"I was born," says he, "on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalised, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other.

"Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand that before I was five years old I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation.

"But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest,

where I found five hundred more of my own quality, who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening.

"After an imprisonment of several years we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This, we found, was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release: he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not.

"As for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's shop. The apothecary gave me to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a clergyman. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a book.

"In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, that while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling about her she should never be without money. I continued here a close prisoner for many months, until at last I was exchanged for eight-and-forty farthings.

"I thus rambled from pocket to pocket until the beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king; for, being of a very tempting breadth, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the parliament.

"After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who, I found, was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at receiving the will; but, opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that he threw me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay, undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

"About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook-shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's health.

"At length, after many other accidents, in the year 1703 I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by a mistake, the person

who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings."

in'got, a bar of metal.
con'voy, escort; protection.
Sir Francis Drake, a famous English seaman who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.
nat'u ral ized, received as a native of the country.
arms, emblems.
e quipped', fitted for use.
in cli na'tion, desire; wish.
qual'i ty, sort.
su per sti'tious, full of fears.
pur su'ance, following after.
civil wars, here, the wars between King Charles I. and his people.
in vei'gle, here, to persuade to become a soldier.
de ceased', dead.
dis in her'i ted, cut off from receiving any part of his property.
cav a lier', a knight; here, one of the king's party.
u sur pa'tion, taking a place without the right.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719) is one of the most pleasing writers in all English literature. The short essays that he wrote for the papers called "The Tattler" and "The Spectator" are now more read than his other writings. The "Sir Roger de Coverley" papers were written for "The Spectator."

A MAY MORNING.

JOHN MILTON.

HAIL, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674) is one of the greatest English poets.

THE TOAD.

JULIA MACNAIR WRIGHT.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

— *As You Like It.*

BELONGING to the same class of animals as the frog, are the toads, the cousins of the frogs. As the frog is well known about the ponds, so the toad is a constant inhabitant of our groves and gardens.

In general appearance the frogs and toads are alike. The eggs and young are closely similar, and the stages of growth from the egg to the adult form are nearly the same. When the adult form is reached, the frogs and toads are yet very tiny creatures, but small as they are, they can be easily distinguished one from the other by the shape of the snout and by the far greater development of the hind-legs of the frog.

The chief differences to be noticed between the frog and the toad are these: the toad has no teeth, but the frog has teeth on the upper jaw and palate. The attachment of the tongue is the same, but the free end of the frog's tongue is forked, and the toad's is not. The toad's skin is usually warty, the frog's

is smooth. The toad has a rounder body, shorter hind legs, and its feet are less fully webbed; its snout is more rounded than that of the frog.

The toad is a citizen of the world, except of the severely cold polar regions. He hops through the tropics and the temperate zones, and goes pretty well up into the polar regions; a harmless, gentle, humble, useful, and generally utterly silent creature. No person is faultless, and the toad is not so much better than human beings that no evil may be laid to his charge. He does eat bees. Happy is the toad when he can stand by the highway of the bees as they return laden with a wealth of honey and enter their waxen city. He scarcely stays to kill them, but swallows them alive and whole, and digests them later.

So far as we know, this bee-eating is the toad's one fault. To offset it he devours millions of harmful insects, and so saves the world thousands of bushels of fruit and vegetables. We will not say that the toad is greedy in eating. It is true that he swallows insects constantly and swiftly, so much so that a grasshopper's legs may sometimes be seen sticking out of a toad's mouth, while the body is well down his throat. But we will not be hard on him — we call this strict attention to business.

The French gardeners know the toad's usefulness,

and they bring him alive to market to be sold to those who need his help in their gardens. He can be tamed and taught to eat from your hand. He can be tempted with sugar, and with bread soaked in milk. As to this last dainty, like a spoiled child, he eats out the middle of the slice and leaves the crust!

There are three myths about the toad. The first is, that he can live during centuries shut up in clay or stone; this is no more true of the toad than of his cousin the frog. The second myth is that his skin causes warts if handled, and that the fluid he discharges is poisonous; this is an idle tale. According to the third myth, he has a jewel in his head. This story has been believed from very ancient times; perhaps it arose from the beauty of his eyes, with their iris of flame-color.

The eggs of the toad are laid closely side by side in a long transparent tube which is dropped into water, and sinking to the bottom, coils up until the eggs hatch. The young tadpoles are jet black and very active. They make all their changes very early and in the same manner as the frog, and are quite small when they arrive at the perfect toad shape. As soon as they have produced four legs and their tails have been absorbed, they leave the water and set off on long journeys; for the toad

is a born vagrant, and not, like the frog, a home-stayer.

Avoiding the sun's heat, they travel chiefly by night, and by day hide under stones or grass. If clouds cover the sky, they take heart and hop forth on their pilgrimage. During a long drought they disappear, but if a rain comes, they suddenly swarm out by hundreds. This habit of the toads has given rise to the tales of a "shower of toads."

Going one day into my garden, I saw under my favorite rose tree a little hollow in the loose earth. It looked just like the cup-shaped impression made by an egg half buried in the ground. An hour later, I found a toad seated in this place, which he had evidently dug out for himself in order to preserve the moisture of his body, while he hunted for his dinner. His keen, black eyes were fixed on the drooping stem and leaves of the rose-bush, and out and in played his little ribbon-like tongue, capturing an insect at every dart.

The toad feeds on worms as well as flies, and when, after a rain, the worms and toads both take their walks abroad, many a luckless worm finds its way into the toad's mouth. He never eats a dead insect.

In winter the toad hibernates like the frog, and, since the young toad reaches its full size in the

autumn, it passes the first period of its grown-up life asleep in some hole or burrow which it has found or made in the earth. Sometimes toads creep into rock-crevices or into hollows in logs and trees. Some people, having found them in these places early in the spring, have hastily supposed that they have been prisoners for many years.

The toad, as well as the frog, casts its skin in the process of growth. When the skin has become too small, and the shedding approaches, the white, green, and brown colors of the coat become dull, and a strange dryness appears. A new skin is forming under the outgrown one, which presently splits in half down the middle of the back and the under part of the body.

The toad now begins to twist and twitch, and the old skin wrinkles and folds along the sides. Then the toad tucks a hind-leg under his forearm, and gives a good pull, and lo, he is out of that leg of his trousers. Then the other leg comes off in the same style. Next he puts one of his hands in his mouth, and giving a jerk, pulls off the covering of that hand and arm, like a discarded glove. Then off comes the other. Now then, what? He rolls the outgrown skin into a neat ball and swallows it. The frog strips off and disposes of his skin in the same way.

Toads and frogs can change the color of their skins to some extent to suit their homes. Toads kept in the dark with dark surroundings become dark in color; and those kept in light with white or light surroundings become lighter. But the color of the toad changes more slowly than that of the frog.

We said that toads are generally silent; a little toad about three inches long, called a "natterjack," is common in England and is a noted singer, for a toad. His "gluck-gluck, gluck-k-k," can be heard any night. The "green toad," well known in Europe, is not so noisy as the natterjack, but has a low, moaning cry.

In the spring the common toad takes to the water and there sings loudly. The long, loud trill that we hear in swamps in springtime is made by toads, not by frogs, as is commonly supposed.

All the true tree-toads have clear, shrill voices, and are fond of singing serenades. Like tree-frogs, tree-toads have the ends of the toes spread out in flat plates, or disks, which make their footing more secure as they hop among the branches. Our American tree-toads are small, green-colored with brown markings, but the tree-toads of Asia are often brightly colored. One very pretty little toad lives near ponds, and, seated on the broad leaves of water-plants, sings its shrill, steady song.

All summer, from early April, the tree-toads trill and sing, but as the autumn frosts come, their songs begin earlier and last longer. As the red and yellow leaves fall in showers from the trees, and the golden-rod and asters begin to faint and die among the grasses, the tree-toads seem to be singing their requiem, and bewailing the coming of winter.

Another toad with a voice is the spade-foot. This toad is rare. It is remarkable for its feet, shaped for digging, its subterranean habits, and its curious way of appearing and disappearing very suddenly. After a rainy season the spade-foot will come out from some hiding-place, attract attention by loud cries, swarm by hundreds about ponds, lay immense numbers of eggs, — and vanish.

But while thousands of eggs are laid, scores only hatch, for most of them perish from being laid so near the water's edge that the sinking of the water leaves them to dry up. While scores hatch, only tens grow up; for the spade-foot tadpoles devour one another, and are so greedy that very few live long. These few are most greedy in their appetites. A spade-foot tadpole will seize a grasshopper, and being too small to swallow over half his prey, will calmly lie waiting for the swallowed half to digest in order that he may gulp down the rest.

As soon as a spade-foot tadpole becomes a "hop-

per," getting four legs and losing its tail, it leaves the pond and begins to dig. It scrapes out a house for itself, from eight inches to two feet in length, and cheerfully takes up an underground tenement.

Toads, then, have three different methods of life, some being tree dwellers, seldom appearing on the ground; some underground dwellers, seldom appearing on the surface; some dwellers on the ground, hiding among the grasses when asleep, or when the sun is too hot for comfort.

ven'o mous, full of poison.
a dult', full-grown.
al le ga'tion, a strong statement.
drought (drowt), a dry season.
hi'ber nates, hides away for the winter.
ser e nade', a song at night in the open air.
re'qui em, a song for the dead.
sub ter ra'ne an, underground.

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. — THACKERAY.

Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected, — a police in citizens' clothes, — but are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it. — EMERSON.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

spa'cious, extending far and wide.
fir'ma ment, the heavens.
e the're al, belonging to the upper air.
plan'ets, the moving heavenly bodies (except the moon).
ter res'tri al, of the earth; earthly.

The books
which help you
the most
are those which
make you
think the most

Theodore Parker

Reading nourishes
the mind
and when it is wearied
with study
it refreshes it
yet not without study

Seneca

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